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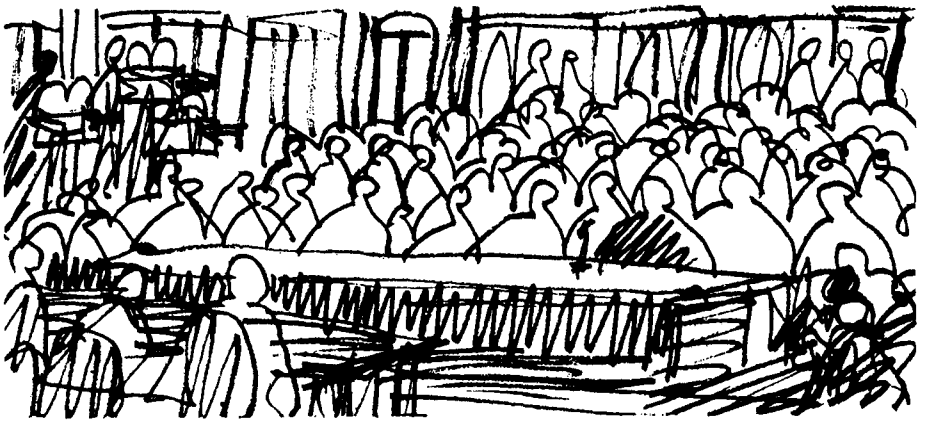

COMMUNISTS IN CONVENTION

Myron Feinsilber

SEX AND THE PERSON

Dan Sullivan

BILLY GRAHAM'S CRUSADE

Desmond Fisher

HAPPENINGS AND HAPPINESS

Elenore Lester

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CORRESPONDENCE

"Loyola Protest"

Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Editors: Your issue of June 10 carries a letter relative to the recent "Loyola protest," apparently written by a Jesuit faculty member who wishes to remain anonymous.

Such anonymity when associated with a singularly ticklish situation is unfortunate for obvious reasons; possibly the writer should have heeded Thomas Jefferson's dictum of "never writing in a public paper" without signing his name.

Had the writer identified himself, he could have been set right personally on some generalizations—and errors—he has made in his summary.

First off, that telephone calls from the news media to student representatives were funneled off to University administrators is not only misleading, but generally speaking, quite false. My office was responsible for arranging several interviews with protesting students and the newspaper and television media. Incidentally, this procedure is no accolade for my office: any collegiate news bureau or public relations office today would have done the same thing.

Again, Father's journalistic insight has him completely on the side of those student writers of "strictly factual news articles" concerning the protest, an insight certainly in opposition with another Jesuit who has served ten years as moderator of the *Loyolan*, and who, hopefully, would recognize over-editorializing "news" articles when he spots them. (Yes, three staff members did resign—but there is no mention of the remaining fifteen who continue on the paper.)

Concerning the seminarians who alledgedly were expelled for simply observing the protest downtown, one is seriously forced to doubt Father's ability as a Jesuit to fathom how the Claretians run their business, even though he enthusiastically volunteers the impression he does.

In the matter of the honorary degree to Auxiliary Bishop John Ward, it has been the custom of the University (at least in the twelve or so years I have been in this post) to confer a degree honoring the newly consecrated Bishops in the Archdiocese of Los Angeles. Father feels this is an academic waste; nonetheless there are those who feel that elevation to the episcopacy is *some* kind of accomplishment worthy of note. (Once more, I'm a trifle worried about Father's "significant number" of faculty members who thought ill of the conferral. How many? Three? Ten?)

As far as the student award for the outstanding senior is concerned, the Dean of Students—a friend of the student-body president—told me he felt not enough students votes were cast recommending a presentation of the Ignatian Award to any particular senior this year.

Father feels that the University has "not been blessed with an abundance of courageous administrators." Without trying to sound like a "house man," may I submit that those administrators founded the University's Human Relations Workshop 13 years ago when "human relations" was a dirty term, that those administrators have sponsored all kinds of far-reaching social programs in and throughout southern California, and that those efforts have been officially recognized by individuals and organizations in and out of the Church.

Really, Father, Thomas Jefferson was right. Sign the next one, and we can talk it over at home.

KEN CARREIRO
Director, Public Information Office
Loyola University of Los Angeles

Archbishop Cody

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: As a layman I do not claim to know the disposition of the Chicago religious toward their new Archbishop, but I can explain how an interested young layperson feels about Archbishop Cody. It seems as though the saying of Pope John XXIII is finally coming true here and not in some country in Europe. We are finally "Opening the windows and letting the fresh air come in." Thanks to the new bishop we are finally pushing back the cobwebs.

Archbishop Cody has taken the first sensible steps in running a multi-million operation. Contrary to many of the priests' thinking, the archdiocese does not run by itself; instead, the diocese needs some practical business-like operation. Archbishop Cody can and has provided this initiative. He has seen fit to remove certain pastors who have given many glorious years to the Church but have now in all reality outgrown their usefulness.

As one prominent priest of Chicago whom Mr. Leo quoted, put it, "they just don't feel sure that the Archbishop is going to handle them in a Christian way." Since when is the transferring of priests from one parish to another non-Christian? It is an accepted fact that when a priest remains in one parish too long he can lose touch with the Archdiocese's problems outside his parish.

In all fairness to the Archbishop, I think many of his outspoken critics have not given him a fair trial in allowing him a sufficient time interval since taking office. I also believe they are slandering his name when they go to the press to publish their false presumptions and comparisons. One such example is Mr. Leo's comment that "crank" letters are now answered before urgent legitimate ones.

It is indeed a shame that when men come along who can change things for the better because of their great foresight, they are often ridiculed and criticized. One recent example besides the Archbishop is Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

JOHN FITZGERALD

A Conscience Lobby

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: Michael Zeik's article ("The Sociology of Ecumenism," May 27) has so much to commend it that I hesitate to single out one particular point. However, I should like to support the suggestion that there be created a "conscience lobby" in Washington on a broad ecumenical basis, to concern itself with the problem of poverty in the world and the responsibility of the rich nations to the poor nations.

It was in the hope of creating just this kind of "conscience lobby" in every wealthy nation of the land that we made a proposal to the Vatican Council that there be created a Holy See Secretariat

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for the promotion of social justice among nations. This proposal was ultimately adopted in Paragraph 90 of *The Church in The Modern World.*

In recent weeks a working group met in Rome to prepare a document for the Holy See outlining the type of structure that might fill the requirements called for in Paragraph 90 of the *Constitution on The Church in The World Today.* The proposal of the working group is now under study by the Holy See.

It is the hope of the group that one of the earliest steps would be the calling of an international ecumenical conference to discuss the problem of poverty in the world and the responsibilities of the rich toward the poor.

COMMONWEAL has always been in the forefront in calling attention to the great responsibility which wealth carries with it and the duty of everyone to support good foreign aid programs and good development programs of the United Nations.

JAMES J. NORRIS
Catholic Relief Services
National Catholic Welfare Conference

Vietnam

Hollis, N. Y.

To the Editors: Your June 17 issue provides for me an instructive contrast in two different approaches to our Vietnam dilemma. They are Mr. Pfaff's article "Neo-isolationism" and Dr. Zahn's "The Crime of Silence."

Mr. Pfaff's article is the more political of the two, and yet it is the more helpful of the two not because political considerations should be our primary concern but because Dr. Zahn's outcry of moral indignation is too unrestrained. Mr. Pfaff's statement that our foreign policy experts are not really analyzing their objectives closely but are expressing a "secular act of faith" seems to be quite penetrating and valid.

If this analysis is sound, then much of the force of Dr. Zahn's charge as to our actual complicity in the murder of innocents is dissipated. His over-hasty parallelism between the America of the 60s and the Nazi Germany of the 30s and 40s disturbs but does not enlighten. For

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OUR INTENTIONS IN VIETNAM

Have we been here before, or was it merely a dream—of American superbombers unloading their bouquets on a peasant population? The question raises itself. We have come to the point in Vietnam where it is not so much the horror of history's repeating itself that bothers us as the fear of what our country's most secret dreams may reveal. The bombing of the oil dumps at Hanoi is another node on the nerve ganglion of this war, but only a node. The chances of China's entering the war remain as unpredictable as before; the shift of sentiment at home is imperceptible; the President's contempt for critics of the Administration only becomes more manifest with each speech, and as for the critics and war protesters, they seem to be silent or vocal according to the mood. For the moment it doesn't seem to make much difference. The present scope of the war by some psychological chemistry seems to have been contained in the original commitment. Perhaps that is why our government never stated our commitment in Vietnam satisfactorily.

So, with each escalation the reality of the war and of ourselves becomes more manifest. We are either dreaming or having a nightmare at high noon; in either case, everybody can see. Cardinal Shehan's pastoral letter on "Peace and Patriotism" is also a manifestation of something that up to now has been hidden. The American Church is concerned about the methods and peculiar madness of modern war, no matter how deeply buried that concern has been. In the same spirit the National Council of Churches has made a passionate plea to President Johnson to end the war. That spirit, we believe, is expressive of humanity's deepest desires for peace. In various ways, then, Vietnam will reveal a good deal before we finish with it or give up in self-disgust.

Meanwhile, the war continues to gather momentum. Since the Bay of Tonkin, almost two years ago, the American course in Vietnam has followed almost a straight line of escalation and deeper involvement. The "peace

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offensive" of last winter is now seen to have been so qualified and devious as to have been hardly a jog in that line. Its only effect was to lessen our government's credibility in our own eyes and in the eyes of the world. Despite this, there are stirrings of "cautious optimism" heard in Washington these days over the Hanoi bombings. At what fountain, we wonder, does Washington gain its eternal youth?

A truer picture of our government's state of mind was revealed in the President's speeches lashing out at our reluctant allies. And in Saigon it seems only a matter of time before we reap the bitter fruit of our support of Premier Ky. According to a report in the New York *Times*, the U.S. is encouraging the Ky regime with advice and materiel to build up the national police force, which when not engaged in quelling riots seems to operate mainly as a terrorist organization. Numbering 19,000 members under Diem, the force now stands at 54,000 and the projected strength by the end of the year is 72,000, the equivalent of two full-strength American infantry divisions.

What else are we up to? The pacification program so widely heralded a short time ago proceeds under cover of so many euphemisms that it is virtually unintelligible. But given what we know of our previous efforts at defoliation, crop killing and the concentration of rural populations in strategic hamlets, we are not optimistic about either its success or its goals, whatever they happen to be.

Recently in these pages Gordon C. Zahn, the author of a book on Catholics and Nazi Germany, suggested certain parallels between our present actions in Vietnam and those of the Nazis in the 30s and 40s. He recognized, of course, that there are important distinctions. Our intentions are not racist; we have not set up gas chambers in Vietnam; we are not deliberately embarked on a program of genocide. No, we are not Germany of the 30s and 40s.

But the question remains, how far will we go? It is clear our government does not really know, but it has proceeded on a straight line of escalation and moral vacuity that shows no signs of swerving from a final solution to the Vietnam problem. If our intentions are hidden to even ourselves, then we face the choice of either discovering them now or waiting for our actions to reveal them to us. What has been revealed up to now is unacceptable or barely acceptable to the moral standards we supposedly live by. Yet a final solution eludes us. The fact that we do not know what it is, however, will hardly matter in the end. The will to pursue a final solution, regardless of the means, is either already in us or it is not. For the sake of humanity, we hope it is not.

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, COMMONWEAL will again appear on alternate weeks from the middle of July to the middle of September. Forthcoming issues will be dated August 5, August 19, September 2, and September 16. From then on, we will resume our normal weekly schedule.

BETTY AND JACK

Most of us remember the church pamphlets in which Father Dan badly mauled the village atheist and Father Bill talked straight from the shoulder to Dick and Jane. The villain is different but the dynamics are the same in "Betty and Jack Talk about Government Birth Control," a new pamphlet published by the Pennsylvania Catholic Conference and distributed in Catholic churches throughout the state.

Betty, a stand-in in the role originally written for the village atheist, doesn't think the State Department of Public Welfare is violating individual conscience by making birth control information available when the client asks for it. Jack patiently explains that "although our welfare department's published policy attempts to assure freedom of choice in this matter," government coercion of welfare clients is necessarily implicit, since "Here is the information" is bound to develop into "Here is the information; use it or else," almost as soon as the program is under way.

Jack, who apparently has been reading articles by William Ball, the secretary of the Pennsylvania Catholic Welfare Conference, thinks that the program involves an invasion of privacy comparable to Connecticut's birth control program which was struck down by the U.S. Supreme Court.

Poor Betty, a loser by casting, does not think to reply that no civil rights group in the nation sees a necessary civil-rights problem in the privacy argument, and she hasn't read the specific safeguards in the Welfare Department's policy statement, which provides that "a recipient's interest or lack of interest in, or willingness or unwillingness to discuss or pursue, the subject of family planning shall have no effect on eligibility for assistance or services provided by this department."

Jack pursues his advantage, mixing in some scare stories about the pill, a hint or two that racism is involved in the department's policy, that sterilization lurks in the shadows, and that the upper classes are experimenting on the lower classes. In confidently predicting coercion, Jack says "studies show that one kind of help [poor people] almost never ask for is birth control help." (Mary, flubbing another cue, fails to retort that studies also show they don't ask about it because they don't know about it, and that studies presented to the Gruening committee in the Senate show that 49 percent of all married couples

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in America want no more children than they already have.)

The dialogue rolls on:

Betty: "I believe you mentioned a long-range threat to personal liberty, Jack."

Jack: "I sure did! This is one of the most alarming of all aspects of government birth control. Many of its most influential proponents already see it as a means of 'managing' population, both here and in other countries."

Betty: "Honestly? Can you give me a few examples?"

Jack: "Well, take Senator Gruening, the sponsor of the birth control bill I mentioned earlier. His concern is broader than helping the poor. He talks about 'population *control*.' "

Betty: "That sounds pretty totalitarian."

Jack: "Exactly."

The back cover of the pamphlet shows Betty, thoroughly transformed by her verbal drubbing, hovering over her winsome baby and asking, "Gosh, I wonder how many people realize that government birth control is intended eventually to tell us how many children we're allowed to have? Sort of frightening isn't it?"

Golly yes, Betty, the whole pamphlet is sort of frightening.

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FROM SOUTH AFRICA

Senator Kennedy crosses the color line

Johannesburg

Will Senator Robert Kennedy's first (and probably, last) visit to South Africa have more than momentary significance? The immediate impact of his whirlwind tour far surpassed the expectations of his hosts, the National Union of South African Students, and the worst fears of the white establishment who opposed his entry into South Africa. But does the South African government really have much to fear from Senator Kennedy's visit, once the undoubted boost to the morale of its liberal opponents has begun to subside?

The National Union of South African Students (NUSAS) has in recent years become the target for fierce attacks by the Minister of Justice, Mr. John Vorster; he has repeatedly threatened them with reprisals for what he terms provocative action (by which he means only that they exist) and the severe restrictions placed on Mr. Ian Robertson, the national president, shortly before Mr. Kennedy's visit were intended not merely to silence him, but also to intimidate other student leaders and to throw the student community into confusion. The student reaction to the banning orders placed on their president was strong and unequivocal, so much so that their sustained protest forced the Minister to meet a deputation of student leaders. The Minister is not obliged to give reasons for banning-orders under the Suppression of Communism Act, nor did he give the students any explanation. It has become clear, however, that the Government has severely underestimated the determination of the students to retain their independence: most liberal commentators have been surprised by the solidarity and coherence of student protest, and within the student world itself the drift away from NUSAS among non-white students has been reversed.

Against this background the response among students to Senator Kennedy's warmth and vision is more easily understood. The timing of his visit could not have been more opportune: the revival of militant leadership and the coalescence of substantial mass support within the universities has been strengthened and stimulated by Senator Kennedy's idealism at a time when all liberal bodies in the Republic face new onslaughts from the regime. Senator Kennedy's words found greatest response among students and young people generally, and it is here that the effects of his tour will be most lasting. Uncowed by intimidation, students will continue to emerge from the liberal universities, committed to principles of democracy and aware to some degree of the measure of change which is inevitable in this country. Yet it would be totally wrong to deduce from this that student politics and student involvement in political life here is evolving in the pattern of more volatile countries where students have brought down regimes or forced concessions from their rulers. The intolerance and intransigence of students at the Afrikaans universities is more truly representative of the mood and purpose of the dominant white group in South Africa, at least for the foreseeable future.

One inevitable result of Senator Kennedy's visit is not merely that he will be unlikely to be admitted again but that other distinguished visitors will be refused visas to enter South Africa: the more someone embodies the values of Christian humanism the less likely is he to be given the opportunity to challenge the bases of established white supremacy. At one of Senator Kennedy's meetings he was asked how the dialogue he advocated was genuinely possible when one of the parties was not only participant but also judge and prison warden in his own cause. This is the crux of the matter, and Senator Kennedy was no more able to resolve the dilemma than are those who struggle endlessly to find more genuine ways of bringing about peaceful, but radical, change in South Africa.

Perhaps the most refreshing aspect of Senator Kennedy's visit was its style: idealists who are professionals are very rare in South Africa; further, liberals have been in the wilderness for so long that they do not have solid political achievement, like Senator Kennedy's as Attorney

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General, to buoy up flagging spirits after half a generation of deteriorating race relations and shrinking liberties.

Only implicitly did Senator Kennedy touch upon what is probably the crux of the South African situation, that change will come about only when those who are most oppressed begin to recognize that not merely do they have rights, but that they have the duty to claim those rights. Benevolent paternalism can never restore the dignity of those who are oppressed: only total commitment open to sacrifice and suffering can do this. Surely this is the lesson that the Church in the United States is learning—an experience which you could share with the Church in South Africa. Has any real consideration been given in the United States as to how American Catholics might aid and strengthen the Church in South Africa?

What then of the long-term significance of Senator Kennedy's visit? His speeches and actions were a total repudiation of racial superiority and were so recognized by those who opposed his presence as much as by those who valued it. If greater frankness and understanding can follow from the clear statement of totally opposed viewpoints then Senator Kennedy did all he could do in four days. But two parties are necessary for dialogue.

A. P. GOLLER

(A. P. Goller is the editor of Challenge, *an independent review published in Johannesburg by Catholic laymen.)*

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE STRATEGY OF THE WEAK

In Vietnam the strategy of the strong confronts the strategy of the weak. The strong use material power to achieve impersonal objectives. The weak practice defiant personalized violence; and they stoically accept the destruction of wealth and the loss of lives. The strong believe that the enemy can eventually be compelled to make the "reasonable" decision to compromise or capitulate. The crucial assumption made by the strategists of strength is that the enemy wishes to avoid death, pain, and material destruction. Inflict these and at some point in the process the value of the issue being fought over will be calculated as less than the value of avoiding further pain and destruction. It is a very plausible strategy, and it is the strategy of those who are rich, who value life and fear pain.

The weak deal in absolutes, among them the absolute fact that man in any event, suffers. The strategy of the weak is the chosen strategy of idealists and ideologues, and it is the necessary strategy of the brutalized and poor. It is very powerful against the strong because when the strong present the ultimate alternatives of surrender or death the weak can accept these as natural alternatives. For the strong, to surrender is a reasonable choice in a given circumstance. To die for a cause may be necessary or noble, but it can only be seen as the consequence of an unreasonable situation. The strong, the rich, insist that man wants life, wealth, power, happiness, and that in a reasonable society these are consistent and attainable. The poor have little experience of such matters. The rich do not believe that death and suffering are plausible choices for men when alternatives exist. The weak and poor hardly know what the alternatives might be. In this situation it is the weak who are in a strong position.

The strategy of the weak is today a strategy of Asians. It makes use of the strength of contemporary Asia—its capacity for endurance in suffering—against the vulnerability of those who employ the strategy of strength, who are mostly western, and today are Americans. It invites the strong to carry their strategic logic to its conclusion, which is genocide. That much is implicit, although the Chinese have occasionally made it explicit—perhaps without understanding what they said. Short of that, the weak compel the strong to do to others what is most abhorrent to themselves. To threaten to do this—to threaten death and ever-increased destruction—is for the strong a plausible thing to do. To carry the threat out in detail is something else. We balk. We do so because we grasp that to do to others what we most fear is also to destroy ourselves—contradicting our structure of values, we destroy it. Since 1945 we have obscurely understood that the Germans' fate was worse than the Jews'. Moreover, the marginal utility of destruction diminishes as destruction is carried out. To assassinate one man may change the political course of a state. To kill a million in a war of attrition may not do as much.

I do not mean to overstate the case or pretend that Asians are indifferent to life. I mean to say that idealists and ideologues in a poverty-stricken society are in a very powerful position to defy the kind of appeals and coercion that the United States is willing to employ. The two strategies—ours and theirs—must eventually meet. A leadership such as that in Hanoi cannot be entirely indifferent to material destruction. A society like the American will draw back. But where on the scale of confrontation will the meeting occur? The practical implications are of a prolonged struggle in which the United States uses still greater power. We can destroy North Vietnam's industry and communications, and break the main-force Communist units in the South. They, in turn, can return wholly to guerrilla warfare. They can return to bicycle and human transport. They can return to the subsistence

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economy which lies close below the surface of contemporary North Vietnam. The Vietnamese Communists can, if they wish, continue to defy us.

Will they defy us? The Vietnamese Communists are given to a romantic notion of the poor vanquishing—and avenging themselves upon—the powerful and rich. On the evidence, men will give themselves to such a vision. Against it we pit an appeal to reason. Compromise—calculate the advantage against the risk: this is the American appeal. But what is reasonable? A Korean officer serving with his national unit in South Vietnam has been quoted as observing that Americans expect of life that they can be happy. Koreans and Vietnamese, he claimed, do not expect this.

WILLIAM PFAFF

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FROM ENGLAND

BILLY GRAHAM'S CRUSADE

London

The only good generalization is that generalizations are generally bad. *Time* magazine tells us that London is the swinging city full of vigor and promise. The New York *Times*, on the other hand, judges us to be a sick nation, rapidly declining into insignificance. To crown this trans-Atlantic attention and to save us from both extremes of decadence, we have just had a month-long Greater London Crusade, presided over by Dr. Billy Graham.

The main result of the *Time* article is that this year's tourist invasion is expected to be the greatest ever, as Europeans and Americans pour in to see the mini-skirts and the rest of the camp gear (i.e., "with-it" clothes) of Swinging London. What Mr. Henry Fairlie of the New York *Times* will achieve with his "Britain is sick" article remains to be seen, but we can be sure that the "gnomes of Zurich"—the international bankers whose backing is Britain's only safeguard against financial disaster—have read it closely along with all the other evidence of Britain's weakening economy.

The results of Billy Graham's Crusade are easier to determine, at least on the surface. During the month there were 910,380 attendances (including overflow audiences who watched on closed circuit TV), of whom 39,320 "inquirers for Christ" came forward. This compares with his 1954 campaign which lasted three months and brought an attendance of 2,047,333 with 38,447 "inquirers." His own summing up, given to the Church Assembly on July 5, was that the revolt of the masses was not against God or Christianity but against the institutional churches.

Despite some snide remarks and intellectual opposition to Dr. Graham's mission, his Crusade was much more sympathetically viewed this time than 12 years ago. One Anglican rector's view, quoted in the *Guardian*, sums up the feeling: "Personally," he said, "I found what Billy Graham said drove me up the wall, but there is no doubt some people have been genuinely helped."

The distinguishing marks of this year's Crusade were lack of excitement and the youth of many of those attending. The nightly meetings and even the final rally were strangely subdued. A newspaper comment on the first night's meeting—"It was a well staged piece of non-hysteria"—remained valid throughout. But the most interesting aspect was that the Crusade attracted a lot of the younger people who seemed to have little in common with the well-to-do MRA-type businessmen who backed the campaign. At the final rally on July 2, Wembley Stadium, Mecca of British football, was crowded with 94,359 people of whom more than half indicated by vigorously waving their programmes that they were under 25. Dr. Graham himself believes that this indicated the younger people, the swinging set, are looking for a challenge. But there were not many signs that the wearers of long hair and mini-skirts were coming to the meetings. Most of the young people present looked the serious student type.

This time, following complaints after the 1954 campaign, there will be a very thorough follow-up process to ensure that local clergy have got in touch with the "inquirers," and Graham is coming back himself for two days in September to continue the link. But no matter how hard the follow-up campaigners work, the Graham Crusade is not going to alter things radically in Britain. From the point of view of the institutional churches, the religious picture is a gloomy one. Normally some 35 million people, out of a total British population of 51 million, belong to a Christian church. But less than 8 million of them are church-goers.

The famous Paul Report on the Church of England, published two years ago, gave a gloomy survey of the situation. Out of some 27 million baptized Anglicans, less than 10 million go forward for Confirmation and less than 3 million are Easter communicants. The Free Churches are better off with 1.5 million practicing members out of a total membership of 1.9 million. The Roman Catholic statistics are less accurate—the degree to which fact-gathering is ignored is disgraceful—but of some five or six million nominal Catholics, less than half are practicing, the national average for Mass attendance probably being in the region of 40 to 45%.

It will take more than a month of Billy Graham to reverse the trend these figures reveal. The position is now that Britain is no longer a Christian country in the sense

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of practicing Church membership or as an outward-looking community committed to the service of their fellows. (How far being a Christian can be equated with churchgoing is a separate and much larger question.) For the majority of people in Britain religion is now a residual cultural deposit rather than a way of life. People are good and honest and upright—as most of the British are—because these are the qualities traditionally found in a Christian gentleman and your average Briton is influenced more by tradition and the desire to be a gentleman than anything else in life. An Anglican Cathedral provost, quoted in a recent series in *The Times*, pinpointed this attitude:

"The average Englishman," he said, "isn't interested in theology. Christianity to him is being good, being a decent sort of chap, and he doesn't see where the church comes into it. I don't know why this is: I suppose it's the way we are made. We have always associated Christianity with an ethical system of good behavior."

The fault is largely that of the churches themselves. They have not moved with the times. They have always looked inwards, the Anglicans with their idea of God as a sort of Old Etonian father-figure, the Catholics with their siege mentality. There has never been a tradition of Christianity as an apostolate to others.

The Church of England is only slowly moving away from its close link with the "Establishment" and losing its image of the Tory Party at prayer. Archbishop Michael Ramsey of Canterbury is cautiously separating the close strands linking the Church and the State and introducing modern ideas on organization. Like Pope Paul, he is trying to keep two wings of his Church together, in this case the wing represented by the vicarage lawn tea party and the radical wing led by the "South Bank theologians" and particularly the Bishop of Woolwich. The Church of England is pinning its hopes to two new experiments—the growing commitment of clergy and active parishioners to social work in the community and the development of supra-parochial "missions" centered round the Cathedrals. But, as a recent writer in the *Guardian* pointed out, the possibility is that more and more Anglican priests, finding their status in the community becoming increasingly unclear, may leave the ministry to take up full-time social welfare work.

The Roman Catholic Church is still too preoccupied with the internal difficulties of coping with the *aggiornamento* to have time for reassessing its long-term role in society. Catholics are still arguing about ecumenism, the liturgy, women priests. But though the Church is traditional and conservative, led by bishops out of sympathy with change, there are signs of movement.

The intellectual minority is moving left and becoming more vocal, though it is still preoccupied largely with internal matters—relationship with authority, the rights of the layman, ecumenical activity, contraception. The most interesting development here is that the incipient crisis of authority with the bishops seems to have been avoided, merely by being side-stepped. The intellectuals are now going ahead with their ideas without being afraid of eliciting episcopal opposition while the bishops, for their part, have learned the value of keeping silent.

A new form of Christian commitment is being developed by a small group of intellectual left-wingers centered round the magazine *Slant*, published from Cambridge. It is being used by a dozen or so laymen and four or five priests, mainly Dominicans, to channel the *aggiornamento* along the line of left-wing political radicalism, a full-blooded socialism deriving its inspiration from Karl Marx.

But in all the churches the reformers are very much in a minority. The mass of the people is unconcerned, content to pursue leisure and pleasure and the wealth which will buy them. The church-goers are divided between those who do not know nor like the new ideas going round and those who feel that they are not providing the answers to the real problems. For the real problems of Britain today are not to be found within the churches. The basic trouble in Britain is a lack of certainty. There is a general mood of self-questioning and doubt, much as if in the U.S. the controversy over Vietnam were spread over every facet of public life.

Since the war, the British nation has not been able to discover its role in the world. The economic dangers, the political uncertainty caused by the Suez fiasco in 1956 (a watershed in British history) and the more recent fiasco over Common Market membership, the Rhodesia crisis, the East-of-Suez defense controversy, nationalization, the prices and incomes policy—all these have contributed to the present mood of imbalance. The return of Mr. Wilson's government to power was less a move to the political left than a national decision to give labor a chance to prove if it could prescribe a cure for the present English sickness.

It is precisely because of this uncertainty that religion is in trouble too. Many people would turn to it purely as a sheet-anchor in the present storm. They would find in it either the motivation to bear the current burdens and seek to solve today's problems or else find in it an escape from worry and doubt. This is what the churches simply cannot supply, for the churchmen themselves are even more uncertain. They share the general malaise. And they are troubled by the uncertainty which is surrounding the whole meaning of religion and its relevance to life.

The answers to Britain's present troubles cannot come from the churches. The most they can do is to bring out in the people the moral will to recognize what medicine is needed and to swallow it down however bitter it may be. But that time has not yet come. Until it does the churches will continue to decline and Billy Graham to have some peripheral success. At least, he is better than nothing.

DESMOND FISHER

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ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

THE CARDINAL ON WAR

How should Catholics react to the fighting in Vietnam? One thing is certain: "Christians of equal sincerity and equal devotion to the Gospel may honorably differ in their conclusions, especially when the problems are gigantic and important facts are themselves a matter of dispute. But certainly no Catholic who claims to find in the living teaching of the Church a source of moral guidance can be indifferent to his duty to care about the overriding moral issues of modern warfare, as well as his duty to know and to follow the pronouncements of the Church on the moral limitations even of lawful self-defense. . . ."

The quotation comes, of course, from the recent pastoral letter on "Peace and Patriotism" by Lawrence Cardinal Shehan of Baltimore. It is, I think, one of the most significant pronouncements by a member of the American hierarchy; it is in line with the peacemaking efforts of Pope Paul, whom Cardinal Shehan had visited a few days before.

This is not to say that the pastoral tries to make a moral-political judgment for the individual citizen; instead, it does what is most necessary today simply by affirming that war must be subject to moral evaluation by the citizen, no matter what appeals to prejudice or nationalism may be made. Throughout his letter Cardinal Shehan relies on the traditional Catholic teaching on the just war, as well as the declarations made by the Second Vatican Council on the subject. Thus he places great stress on the necessity to avoid unjust means, even in a war for a just cause—a passage of particular concern for those who support the war in Vietnam: "the Catholic citizen who can conscientiously support his government in a struggle against aggression, whether direct or indirect, must do all he can to see that the struggle is carried on in morally acceptable ways. . . ."

This is a point that is often ignored. How many American voices, for instance, were raised against terror bombing by the allies in World War II? When Dresden and Tokyo were fire-bombed, killing non-combatants by the scores of thousands, how many Christians cried out against such actions? In wartime, passions run high, and almost anything is thought to be justified if the national cause is felt to be right. Is the situation so different in Vietnam now?

Said Cardinal Shehan: "It is difficult for a nation to wage war with restraint and to nourish sentiments of peace at the same time. This is true particularly when its own casualties begin to mount and the conflict threatens to grow in duration and intensity. In such circumstances, those who argue against restraint and against keeping a nation's war-making acts within moral bounds are likely to win an even greater hearing. Within our nation it seems that such harsh voices are growing stronger and are attempting to pressure our leaders into decisions which the Christian conscience could not endorse."

Here Cardinal Shehan is clearly correct. The advocates of unlimited war are getting more and more vociferous, and apparently they have President Johnson's ear. A limited war, they say, is a contradiction in terms; we must go all-out to win. In point of fact, though, a limited war is the right kind of war. The Church has always tried to civilize warfare, to impose moral restrictions on violence. The drift to unrestrained warfare, to total war, is a drift back to barbarism.

What are we to do in the face of efforts to go beyond that "which the Christian conscience could not endorse"? "If we are to resist such lethal appeals to our understandable impatience," Cardinal Shehan said, "we must constantly recall that only on moral grounds can our course in Vietnam be just. If our means become immoral, our cause will have been betrayed."

As any war goes on, the tendency is strong to view it in strictly black-and-white terms. Americans are particularly prone to this; it is not so many years ago that our present allies in Germany and Japan were seen only as arch-villains. Cardinal Shehan warned of this mentality in the present context: "Let us also avoid the narrowness of supposing that all the vice and bad will lie on one side of any major conflict and that all the virtue and good will lie on the other."

Wars should be fought for only one reason: to create peace. This is something we tend to forget. It is all too easy to wage war so savagely that it is next to impossible to create a lasting peace when the fighting stops. It is commonplace to say that World War II was born in the peace treaties of World War I, and we can only hope that the seeds of World War III are not already sown. This is a danger even if one has good reason to fight in the first place. Wrote Cardinal Shehan on this point: "Assuming that our cause in Vietnam is just, our duties to mankind as a whole forbid us to indulge in passions of hatred and aggression. . . . Even though our hands are embattled, then, our hearts must remain steadfastly peace-loving. Otherwise, at the peril of an escalation which could end in mutual annihilation, we may fail to be responsive to the possibilities of reasonable and honorable negotiations."

Again I don't see how anyone can argue with Cardinal Shehan on this point. I hope his words of warning are taken with the utmost seriousness, in Washington and all over the country.

JAMES O'GARA

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SEX AND THE PERSON

Evolution of the creative

DAN SULLIVAN

To take a fresh look at the meaning of human sex may seem outrageous to more than the prudish. Are we not barely breathing now between waves of sexual studies, coming from bio-cinematic laboratories, island-hopping field-trips, analytic couches, the giant stereoscopes of statisticians, apologetic theologians and the untranquil recollections of literati? And is not sexual experience still so enigmatic as to leave the wise convinced that we are doomed forever to exchange one reductionism for another, like the neo-biologism of Freud-Kinsey, Miller-Mailer and Masters-Johnson for the older Christian one? Sex is esteemed by many simply for being the last, utterly impregnable redoubt of the Irrational and Mystery left in the world. For others it is sacred only because it is a bit laughable, allowing us a moment's transcendence in joining with the Cosmos in a "snigger," ostensibly at ourselves, but really at "it."

But a conjunction of modern reflections in philosophy, psychoanalysis and feminology makes it possible not only to avoid all crypto-biologisms, but to unravel the contradictions (not the mystery) of sexual experience and treat with fresh speculative seriousness what threatens to become the preserve of either mindless technocrats like Albert Ellis and Hugh Heffner, or equally eccentric and inveterate reductionists like Frs. Ford and Connell.

Most of the contemporary "liberal" and "emancipated" attitudes to human sex, whether "using" it freely, sniggering at it, or boldly "surrendering" to it, reflect that same determination to exile sex safely outside the "self" (as is displayed by the sexual ascetic who "gives up" sex on the ground that it is spiritually and humanly expendable). Most of us have mastered the *art* of enjoying sex abstractly, of placing it at an *aesthetic distance* away from our real selves. Sex demarcates for man the "inner" and "outer" persons, the ego and the id, the self and the radically non-self. Sex, in fact, may be the chief reason for this demarcation line, the real target of the inner self seeking transcendence.

Even the outright dionysian religious or Christian thinker, like D. H. Lawrence or Norman O. Brown, attacks the aseptic, rational, conscious "I" only to re-establish anonymity and apersonalness in the unconscious and the sexual. Brown, for instance, sanctifies the "id" by calling it "not 'I,' but Christ in me." In the most solipsistic philosophers, sex stands almost alone as the one instance where knowledge is not only possible but immutable, as the one place where the subject-object dichotomy cannot arise, because sex is so patently not *here*, part of my "self." The term "dionysian" still implies the *loss* of a higher "person" to a perverse, humbling, and finally unimportant surd force with inexplicable squatter's rights on the outskirts of "my" being. It is only callow romantics who call this lust, love. It is only those with irrefutable guilt about the flesh who insist that sexual desire is their own being. Even in Sartre, who complained that in Heidegger's allegedly "existential" philosophy there was no mention of sex, we see sex defined finally and simply as "the hole" in order that we may feel Sartre's transcending ego.

Teilhard de Chardin

Curiously, it is Teilhard de Chardin, practically alone among modern thinkers, who takes sex with plainly *positive* seriousness. Who among those ostensibly committed

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to sexual "mystiques" would dare to say with him that "any biological, philosophical or religious explanation of the World which fails to find a *structurally essential* place for sexual attraction stands virtually condemned" (*l'Energie Humaine*)? Teilhard not only saw cosmic sex as the very "lifeblood" of spiritual evolution, but he saw human sex as a thoroughly *personal passion*, as a drive flowing out of and expressing my *whole self* that seeks integration and transcendence through union with the beloved. He asks, in *The Phenomenon of Man*, "at what moment do lovers come into the most complete possession of *themselves*, if not when they say they are *lost* in each other." Teilhard knows that in much of romantic experience there is little else than a fantasy-projection of self-possession, an "abandon" inspired by nothing more than one's super-ego masquerading as the beloved.

But beyond these aberrations, Teilhard could see that the deepest and truest *self*, not some peripheral component of it, is discovered, disclosed and fulfilled at the moment of psychospiritual-somatic orgasm, when one can literally "come" into one's self as well as into both the beloved and a "beyond." It is only sexual union, he says, "that is capable of uniting living beings in such a way as to *complete and fulfill* them, for *it alone takes them and joins them by what is deepest in themselves*" (my italics). In this idea of *unique* self-fulfillment in the moment of *authentic*, *total* self-loss, we have the ground of the personalist conception of human sex. (Teilhard's intuition here, as a celibate, must be explained in the way one explains the imprisoned man's acute awareness of the meaning of freedom. Teilhard never resolved, theoretically or personally, the dilemma this insight posed for him.)

Teilhard's insight has found an echo, however, in those philosophical and psychological thinkers, like John Macmurray, Merleau-Ponty, Marcel, Herbert Marcuse, Norman O. Brown and R. D. Laing, who have with varying success, forced our attention back to the *whole* person and the body-ego. In *The Phenomenology of Perception*, Merleau-Ponty warns against consciousness treating the body as another "fact" rather than as "the hidden form of self-being" that it is. In the chapter on sexuality, he notes how man's sexual élan both carries along and pervades man's intellectual and affective élans, so that human sex is really immersed in the "intentional arc" that constitutes human existence. Analyzing a case of psychogenic speechlessness, he shows this "interfusion" of sex and human existence in terms of the subject's *overall* self-alienation and withdrawal, where sexual withdrawal is of such general significance as to lead to the conclusion that man's "higher" faculties can never "outstrip" or transcend his sexual élan. "It is impossible to determine the proportion of sexual motivation to other motivation, impossible to label a decision or an act 'sexual' or 'non-sexual'."

"I" *am* my sexual élan, for in sex we are never dealing "with a peripheral, involuntary force, but with an intentionality which follows the general flow of existence. Sexuality is not an autonomous cycle. It has *integral links* with the whole active and cognitive being" (my italics). In noting that our sexual drive is not really "some reflex, autonomous apparatus," Merleau-Ponty challenges both the Freudian notion of the "id" and the Christian parallel notion of "a beast in the belly." (A biographical element should never be ignored when this transcending "I" is defended by means of an apersonal view of sex, whether occurring in Catholic theology as the price of proving that celibacy is not *self*-mutilation, whether it comes as a function of the "Fall," as in much of Protestant neo-biologism, or whether arising in Freud, in conjunction with his Helmholtzian positivism.)

W. R. D. Fairbairn

Many leading existential psychoanalysts and, above all, the "object-relation" or "British" school of psychoanalysis also attack the Freudian (and Christian) notion of an "id" relatively separate from the authentic self. The "British School" was founded by Melanie Klein with some of the later Freud's own insights into the libidinal ego, but it has been led, until his very recent death, by W. R. D. Fairbairn. His highly influential work, *Psychoanalytic Studies of the Personality*, directly attacks Freudian biologism by attempting to show that 1) human sexuality is rooted in the *dynamic ego*, 2) that the primary aim of sexual desire is person-to-person relationship, and 3) that *every* demonic element in sexual experience can be explained apart from the person's actual sexual drive and in terms of the *whole* self's early existence and disintegration.

In fact, authentic sexual drive is inherently *self*-giving, Fairbairn argues, as orgasmic self-loss suggests, and it is *only* from a world of previously unsatisfactory personal relationships that it *ever* emerges as enigmatic or perverse. "The real point about the mature individual is not that his libidinal attitude is essentially genital, but that his genital attitude is essentially libidinal." Personal, relationships do not become satisfactory once genital sexuality is reached and an oral, "taking" relation transcended. Only when personal relations are *authentically* person-to-person is a secure self established, and human sexual desire emerges in the genital state's inherently giving and orgasmic structure. Sexuality invests the whole person, but sexual conduct *can* itself be crippled and express only the mutilation of the libidinal, person-to-person élan, i.e., the *self*.

Fairbairn builds this thesis upon the phenomenon of split-personality, which he traces to the various types, voluntary and involuntary, of the repression of sexual desire. He sees repression as literally *dividing* the self, as splitting the dynamism of the integral ego structure. We know the sexual drive is inherently personal, says Fairbairn, because of "the difficulty experienced in effecting

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sublimation of libidinal 'impulses'." This difficulty is not due, as Freud and, *mutatis mutandis*, the Christian tradition have supposed, to "an inveterate and inherent obstinacy on the part of these 'impulses' themselves," that is, considered as an autonomous biological "drive" disordered primordially by the "Fall," but rather to the fact that these "repressed 'impulses' *are inseparable from the ego structure*."

From all who claim to experience a "higher" self transcending sexual desire, Fairbairn demands a full explanation of "the phenomena of multiple personality, in which the linkage of repressed 'impulses' with a *submerged ego* is beyond question" (my italics). If psychoanalysis really discovers, as the result of systematic sexual repression, a submerged *self* torn away from its ontological moorings, not only in Christian asceticism, but in many secular as well as Christian marriages, with their "realistic" mood of accommodating sex as an "alien" invader, we face a challenging but difficult future.

Both Fairbairn and Merleau-Ponty maintain explicitly and emphatically that the *real aim* of sexual desire is *always* and naturally commensurate with it being the passion of my *whole person*, namely, another *whole person*. Merleau-Ponty denies the very possibility of a narrow, selfish, epidermalistic hedonism guiding sexual desire. He declares that what my sexual élan really seeks "is not just a body, but a body brought to life by consciousness. . . . One does not love a mad woman." He knows, of course, that "mad" people are made love to, that even necrophilia is on the criminal statutes for practical reasons, and that many, if not most, conjugal "unions" only tend to confirm the "realism" that says "they are all the same in the dark," i.e., that the sex drive is not only *autonomous* but *anonymous* as well.

But what Merleau-Ponty implies is that beneath the history of sexual aberrations, and behind a shield of good-humored resignation and self-mocking, we are all "forgetting" that it was the *whole person* of the beloved that we once sought and expected to find in sexual love. He implies, further, that *any* withdrawal from the sexual realm is, as in the case of Schneider, a withdrawal from the élan of the entire *self*; whether this withdrawal results in sexual apathy or overt sadism, it is traceable to self-alienation in early childhood.

For Fairbairn, too, a release or irritating "tension" or epidermal ecstasy is *never* the real aim of the human sexual drive. In fact, Fairbairn declares boldly that "the function of libidinal pleasure is essentially to provide a signpost to the object"—i.e., person—rather than to compensate for the burdens of parenthood, whereas in Freud's "conception of erotogenic zones, the object is regarded as a signpost to pleasure, and the cart is thus placed before the horse" (p. 133).

Orgasm can be said to be the goal of sexual desire only in the sense of its being a total "coming" of my being into the mystery of the two-in-one unity. The apersonal view of orgasm enjoyed in Freudian and Christian psychologies alike comes, says Fairbairn, "from the divorce of energy from (psychic) structure." This means that, as in Freud, "the only physical change which can be envisaged as pleasureable . . . is one which makes for an establishment of an equilibrium of forces, i.e., a directionless change." The "abyss of carnal egoism" serves the same function of self-divorce and dichotomy in Christian spirituality.

It may be noted here that neither Fairbairn nor Merleau-Ponty ever speak of this sexual desire in terms of a male-female polarity. This would tend to make of each man and woman, so far as personhood goes, a function of the other, and which would lead, as in Catholic moral theology, to the person eventually being elevated above an infra-personal level of sexuality, as a means of protecting the celibate option.

Evolution and Sex

An element worth special notice in the personalist idea of sexual passion is the frequency with which it derives from, or is strengthened by, an evolutionary perspective. In Fairbairn, this is only implicitly the case, as in his insistence on an open-ended view of what he emphatically names as the "dynamic ego structure" that embraces human sex. Merleau-Ponty argues more explicitly that the evolution of human self-awareness means that the psychic level *restructures*, not simply *repeats*, the earlier vital and biological levels, to the extent that man *cannot* legitimately be called "a specie of animal."

Few of Teilhard's disciples have seized with enthusiasm the implications for sex of his declaration that "one day the whole divinizable substance of Matter will have passed into the souls of men; all the chosen dynamisms will have been recovered" (The Divine Milieu). But Teilhard made no attempt to place sex in parenthesis; it was, rather, preeminent among these "chosen dynamisms." Even in the earliest stage of evolution he detects an "imperceptible fringe" of spiritual meaning around sexual unions aimed at reproduction. This fringe has progressively widened and deepened until, at the level of "hominization," it assumes *primary importance*, in contrast with reproduction. It is not only that our *knowledge* of sex evolves, as many finally are admitting, but that *sex itself* has evolved in meaning and potency, so that "the most expressive and profoundly true way of recounting universal Evolution would be, doubtlessly, to retrace the Evolution of Love" (*l'Energie Humaine*).

To understand this fully it is necessary to recall Teilhard's dynamic view of Matter. Evolution shows "that the 'Universe-around-us' is still functioning as an enormous reservoir of vital possibilities. We thought Matter was fixed and exhausted, but it showed itself inexhaustibly rich in new psychological energies. The "perfect" used to reject the World like a squeezed lemon. Now we shudder

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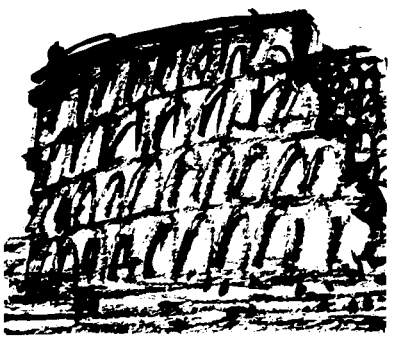
at their gesture, which withered the evolving concept of Spirit." (*l'Evolution de la Chastete*; unpublished).

In this context, sexual love has an *increasingly* spiritual role to play. Some procreation will always be necessary, Teilhard concedes, "but more and more, indeed, forever, man and woman are *for* each other. As the maturation of the Earth's Personality approaches, Mankind will see that it is not simply a matter of controlling births, but of giving to Love, freed from its reproductive ordination, the chance of total fulfillment." (*l'Energie Humaine*). Like Soloviev, Teilhard notes that as we ascend the evolutionary ladder, the link between sexual union and procreation decreases, while the frequency and individualistic ambiance of sexual acts increases.



In man, sexual union "is no longer a matter of a one-dimensional and periodic attraction aimed at material fecundity, but is *becoming* a limitless and uninterrupted horizon of spiritual, even more than bodily, contact. In it, we discern the infinitely numerous and delicate antenna of man and woman seeking each other's fundamental nature among the nuances of the soul. Love is now an attraction *aimed at reciprocal sensitivizing and fulfillment*, where the preoccupation with preserving the species is gradually being founded on the more profound rapture of creating, together, a World (*l'Evolution de la Chastete*; my italics)." Like curiosity, which passes from the instinctual level to the psychic in nourishing man's whole intellectual élan and rational being, so sex has come to have autonomous psychospiritual roots, to inform man's *integral human being*.

In connection with the birth-control debate, one could say that the passages cited above from Teilhard do not *necessarily* separate the unitive personal ends of sex from the procreative and biological. But this would be to forget how often Teilhard explicitly attacks the idea of a "divine blueprint" supposedly found in biological processes, including human sex. He often implies that it is a spiritual cowardice that apotheosizes biology in the idea of "the infallibility of nature," and that warns us not "to interfere with the forces of the world" (*The Phenomenon of Man*). Like the tongue, used originally for biological needs but valued principally now for communication, the sexual organs can be *used* when a spiritual possibility is visualized or presented.

Fairbairn believes that *all* the perverse and alienated aspects of human sexual experience must be seen in terms of that person's history as a whole, and especially in terms of the lived impossibility of creating, maintaining or hoping for authentic personhood or personal relation. "Autoeroticism is essentially a technique whereby the individual seeks . . . to provide for himself an object (person) that he cannot obtain." This "providing" is, of course symptomatic of a split-self, where both the real self and the "other" are regarded as abstractions, and where sexual "aberrations" represent the "compensatory tactics" of the shredded self to "salvage" what it can of its own and the world's reality through fragments and illusions of "natural emotional relationships."

Does not a memory exist in all of us confirming Fairbairn's thesis that it is only when we cannot be loved or love *totally as persons* "that the *inherent libidinal drive towards the object* (person) leads to . . . aberrant relationships." Curiously, Freud himself could slip into a personalist view as when, forgetting his resolve never to speak of "love," he declared that "the omnipotence of love is never more strongly proved than in its aberrations." Rape, masturbation, compulsive philandering are not proof of a primordial disorientation or of an inescapable inner alienation built on sex, but of a self artificially and contingently divided, in whom "internalized, partial objects" (persons) have replaced, of necessity, real relationship.

"Gender Roles"

The almost universal tendency to designate sex as the "not I" has another, equally large root in the de-humanizing effects of *both* "gender roles," and particularly the "eternal feminine." It is a highly significant but largely ignored fact that an anti-sexual, biological bias is usually accompanied in us by a certain "realism" about "romantic love" and Woman. Nietzsche, for example, attacked Christianity for failing "to adorn with spiritual meaning" our sexual passion. But, just as the Vatican Council did, Nietzsche is clearly implying that the sexual passion is a *lower* one *requiring* elevating or adorning. He also disbelieved emphatically in love, calling it a "state in which man sees things most decidedly as they are not." This realism extends to an unconcealedly misogynistic description of Woman as "God's second mistake." Unamuno, too, sees the sex act as one in which "the souls really hate each other as they embrace." Now, he also confessed that his "tragic sense of life" stemmed from experiencing that "love is the child of illusion, the parent of disillusion, Love seeks furiously, through the beloved, something beyond, and since it does not find it, despairs."

But what is Unamuno's idea of Woman. He "raises" her to the pedestal of the "eternal feminine;" she is the immanent, the quiescent, the whole, the spherical. She is *indiscriminate* love. Unamuno failed to see how such a definition, however much it actually fitted the women in

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his life, actually caricatured woman as a *person*. How could he have helped hating someone in an embrace that he felt basically, from her side, was non-aggrandizing, non-desiring and selfless. He saw her desire as the desire to *be desired*, to be loved in order *to yield*. But the *person* wanting to be pursued and loved, rather than wanting to love and *take* the beloved, the person unable to see the beloved in his specificity, not as a projection of her narcissism or of some generic instinct, like a lioness's for her cubs, is already clearly mutilated or massacred as an integral self. To love, woman must be free to act and thus free to love herself.

The same trilogy: biologism, "realism" about love, and a certain misogynism, often in the guise of the "eternal feminine," characterizes nearly every serious contemporary thinker, as it did even D. H. Lawrence and Freud, for whom love was "the over estimation of the sexual object." It marks the work of Christian and non-Christian alike, of Brecht and Claudel, of Husserl and Buber, of Sartre and Berdyaev, of Heidegger and—to an extent—Gilson, of Levinas and Bonhoeffer. All find woman a bit "different" psychospiritually, sex a bit of the "non-self," and love a bit of an illusion.

To see in the "eternal feminine's" ideal of passivity and self-containment the seeds of self-paralysis and self-alienation is the great task and challenge of the modern era, resembling that task already recognized to establish, through love, the authentic self of the infant. For if that child matures and marries and seeks self-loss and self-fulfillment in a "beloved" who is radically finite, radically predictable and unable to doubt love or surprise herself or her beloved, the effort already expended on his early integration will have been in vain, for as Spenser observed, "man must live to love, if he is to love to live." To "come" into the beloved presumes that she is already self-transcending. If she is not, her finitude will cause physical orgasm to be so "insincere" as to create a split self in the beloved. We must learn that the horizon of every self—like that of sex—is infinite. Then we will call our "lust" the love it is.

Relevance and the American party

COMMUNISTS IN CONVENTION

MYRON FEINSILBER

The Communist Party, USA, met in convention for five days in June and—of all things—shed some light about America. Here they were, the fearsome radicals of the 1930s and the 1950s, and what did they demand of America today? The 30-hour work week, "one of the most vital struggles of the working-class today," as Gus Hall put it, still unable to be rid completely of the language of the '30s. What had the revolution come to! These old original extremists were being called old fogies, and they didn't like it a bit. So, like a patient uncle, Hall scolded the New Left: "One of the difficulties of inexperience is the inability to pinpoint the enemy, a tendency to scatter one's shots. This is manifested in the tendency to reject all things, to rebel against everything." He was bewildered by "the division between older and younger generations." Here was the party, meeting for the first time in seven years, having survived—and he ticked them off with pride—the Smith Act, the McCarran Act, the Communist Control Act, Landrum-Griffin and Taft-Hartley, McCarthyism, Leavenworth, Atlanta, Lewisburg, Alderson, Terre Haute and Danbury—and "here we are in a National Convention (applause); here we are a vital factor on the political scene; here we are united and growing" and here was this libel from the left that the party was old hat, staid, quaint, old men muttering old slogans into their beards. Dialectics, the New Left had declared, don't count; card-burning was more vital than card-carrying.

Never mind that. Grandmothers embraced one another and reached into their handbags for snapshots of the children. Gray-haired men in open-neck shirts slapped one another on the back. It had been seven years. American politics had turned into a strange, exciting blend of consensus vs. movement, into an era of marches, sit-ins, immolations, free speech and dirty words. And *now* they were saying Communism was irrelevant.

To this charge, Hall solemnly addressed himself. The meeting opened with the Star-Spangled Banner. Everyone rose. An American flag stood on the corner of the crowded stage; red Chinese gladiolas nearly hid the lecturn. Sweating profusely, Henry Winston, the heavy Negro who had lost his eyesight in prison after refusing to undergo an operation for a brain tumor—then toured the Soviet Union depicting his blindness as the result of American police brutality—spoke, tears filling his eyes.

MYRON FEINSILBER, *a previous contributor, is a member of the New York staff of the United Press International.*

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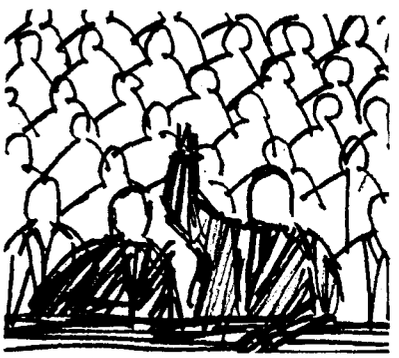
There were many introductions. Long fraternal greetings from the parties abroad were read. Peking was not heard from.

Hall rose to deliver his "Report." It was three hours and 30,000 words long. His delivery was terrible, without a change of pace, tone, level or emphasis. He threw away his best lines. "The war on poverty has fizzled into a few pork-barrel jobs. For the young men the draft is the only anti-poverty program they know." No applause.

To the New Left, he argued: "We are relevant." He listed the ways: Communists are "mobilizers for every mass action; . . . (they) have been the most consistent fighters for unity in struggle." Communists "contributed to the working out of the strategic concepts of Negro-white unity and class unity, and of the co-relationship between the goals of a united oppressed people and those of the working-class and the nation. These important contributions, the work of Negro Marxists in the first place, definitely mark our relevancy." The "years of struggle and the first stand against McCarthyism in the 50s, the days when faint hearts sagged, make us a very important relevancy . . . Our understanding of the role of the working-class . . . in this sense as well we are relevant."



His thesis was relevance; his tone was reasonableness; his proposal was unity: "working-class unity," "center-left unity" and "labor-Negro people's unity." His most specific call was for an independent no-party candidate for the presidency. Where peace candidates have run in this spring's primaries, only the lack of support from labor defeated them. But, Hall said, "this is a dangerous ledge for labor leaders. They are not going to be able to keep their own membership behind the war brand of LBJ for long, because the self-interest of the workers rides with the independent movements." However, the popular front notwithstanding, the party would resume seeking office: "Insofar as it depends on us, there are going to be Communist candidates from now on." There were cheers.

On party democracy: "The party has fought its way out of political isolation . . . But we have other weaknesses. Most . . . flow from a case of political reflexes that have been conditioned during the 15 years of persecution and harassment . . . The conditioned 'political reflexes' tend to impart a defensive and an inward orientation to the Party . . . While there is some recruiting on all levels, the *drive* to recruit takes place only amongst the youth . . . The years of not being able to function openly have left behind some habits of cutting democratic corners . . . While we believe it is true that we are probably the most democratic organization on the scene —it is also true that we must struggle against all bureaucratic hangovers."

The convention was the party's 18th and the first ever opened, at least for one night, to the press. While Hall spoke, a squad of policemen rushed to the convention hall. Someone had telephoned a bomb scare to the *New York Times*. Joe Brandt, a New York leader, refused to let the police search the building and sent them away. Bomb scares, he said, no longer scare Communists; the party gets a few a week at its headquarters on West 26th Street, just off Fifth Avenue. The convention's remaining four days were closed to newsmen, but there were press briefings in the basement once or twice a day. The party issued oversized green press passes; every reporter was challenged two or three times on his way in, usually by the youngest members.

The party made much about its young, but they seemed more honored than present. Negroes too were scarce. This convention had two darlings—coed Bettina Aptheker, 21, and ex-candidate Dorothy Healey, whose 86,149 votes in the election of a Los Angeles tax assessor were cited frequently as proof of the party's pulling power. Only when asked at last did Mrs. Healey acknowledge her votes represented 6 per cent of the total cast. Nevertheless, she found the total significant because there were three candidates and so, she reasoned, her vote was a thoughtful one and not merely a protest vote by the disenchanted; they could have voted Republican.

Miss Aptheker represented Golden Youth. Blonde, with her hair in a stern bun, she was hailed as evidence that the New Left was coming over to the Communist Party—although she had a family reason for it; her father, Herbert Aptheker, who is seeking signatures to win a place on the ballot to challenge Democrat-Liberal Edna F. Kelly for her seat in Congress from a district in Brooklyn. Miss Aptheker, an activist in the Free Speech movement at Berkeley and a leader of the W.E.B. DuBois Clubs of America, was elected last year to a student government post even after announcing that she was a Communist. She said that a few years ago it was true that youth was more attracted to "non-sectarian" movements, but those days were ending. "There was sentiment that the party was stodgy," she told reporters. "That represented ignorance." The "heroic struggle" of the Communists "to break out of the chain of illegalities" had inspired young people to join up. She delivered the youth report, "For a Life With Purpose," to the convention. Unlike Hall's speech, which reporters found made "copy" because it supported its assertions with arguments, it had all the old zeal and nonsense; it name-called instead of argued.

James Kennedy, 27, manager of a Chicago bookstore,

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came downstairs to tell why a good Catholic could also be a good Communist, although Kennedy himself was no longer a Catholic, good or bad. He said he quit the Church after having spent a year in a seminary. "There is no inherent contradiction between being a communicant and being a Communist," he said. Both Catholicism and Communism, he said, are concerned with advancing the rights of man, universal progress and the harmony of mankind. And he said Pope John had Communists in mind when he declared in his encyclical *Pacem in Terris*, that Catholics should cooperate with progressive forces in their homelands. He said the party should concentrate its recruiting among urban Catholic workers and he cited the steel town of Gary, Ind. as the sort of workingman's place where the party should engage in its heaviest recruiting. Arnold Johnson, the party's public relations man, said Kennedy's speech drew the day's heaviest applause.

Joe North, a columnist in the twice-weekly Worker, was critical of the anti-hero in contemporary American novels and he predicted a cultural "renaissance" based upon the folk heroes of today's youth. About the Russian authors Andre Sinyavsky and Yura Daniel, who were arrested last October on charges of smuggling anti-Soviet propaganda into the West, North said these two men fed anti-Soviet feeling around the world and were being used by those who would keep the Cold War alive." The heroes of their books, he said, were the same anti-heroes he deplored in Saul Bellows' *Herzog* and Norman Mailer's *An American Dream*.

On the last day, a Sunday, reporters were kept waiting two and a half hours in the basement while the party voted upstairs on its leadership. In 1961, it had stripped the leaders of their titles in a vain attempt to avoid federal prosecution under the McCarran Act as agents of a foreign power. Now, the risks notwithstanding, the titles would be restored. Finally, Hall led the blind Winston to the microphones. Winston had been named national chairman; Hall had been named secretary general.

Despite the titles, there was little question who was in charge of the party; Hall did nearly all the talking. He said he and Winston were "co-equals." The election had been "by acclamation to thunderous applause," he said with a grin, but it had not been unanimous. No, he had not been opposed; "We are the most democratic organization on the scene." An 80-member National Committee had been elected; its members could reveal themselves if they wished; he would not. The convention was a "political landmark"; it "launches the party in a more public phase." At the very end, someone asked Hall: If the Communists are so relevant, "how come you're down to twelve thousand members?" "We prefer," said Hall, "to put it this way—our membership is *up* to twelve thousand." He looked tired.

The non-repressive scene

HAPPENINGS AND HAPPINESS

ELENORE LESTER

Cheetah. Trips Festival. The World. Plastic Inevitables. Strange names for places young people go to for fun and dancing. What do they mean? Perhaps only the initiate, those born into what Marshall McLuhan has christened "the electronic age" can get the full message. But even squares over 30 can catch some of the suggestions in the names of the new "mixed media" discotheques—the reference to the reputed mystic psychic journey induced by LSD in *Trips*, the reference to the mysteries of the elemental or the primitive in Cheetah. *The World*? This is evidently an expansive scene of action—yet a private place since it exists within the large, general lower case world open to everyone, even non teen-agers. *Plastic Inevitables* (Andy Warhol's touring group, sometimes referred to as the *Velvet Underground Erupting or Exploding Plastic Inevitables*)—Can this be a sinisterly attractive glistening vinyl hallucination induced by technological hysteria? As the silvery plastics inevitably pop, the initiate watch, paralyzed, transfixed, in wonder.

Strange names—names that suggest mysticism, hallucination, cultist waves-of-the-future, all mysteriously shimmering in the neon glare of faddist commercialism. There's a whole new vocabulary to describe what's happening, Baby, where the action is. It's in a "switched on" "environment" where Marshall (the medium-is-the-message) McLuhan, Dr. Timothy (LSD) Leary, Andy (Pop art and underground movies) Warhol, Murray the (teen age idol) K, and the fashion business all come together. No, Baby, taking LSD isn't part of the scene. The idea is to create a fun reflection of the hallucinatory effects of the drug by "turning on" a "blow-your-mind" barrage of strobe lights, films and unbelievably amplified sound. The initiates participate in this "happening" by doing free

ELENORE LESTER *is a free-lance critic who has written on the theater for the* Village Voice *and the New York* Times.

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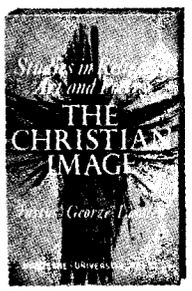

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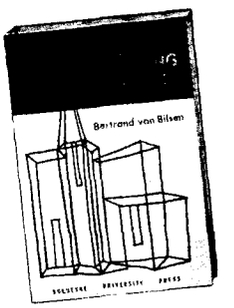

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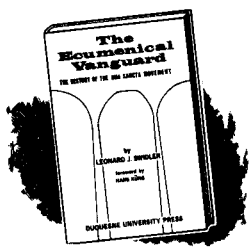

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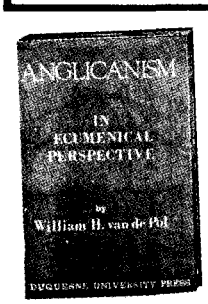

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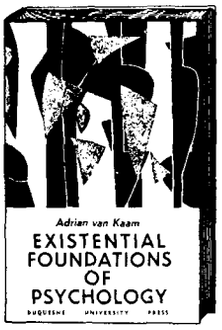

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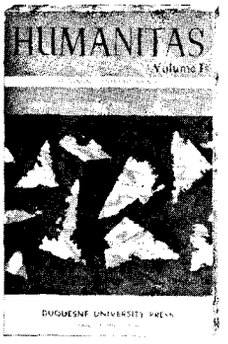

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style orgiastic dancing in futuristic carnival get-ups.

The vocabulary, like the scene itself, represents the end of distinctions once important to the over-30 Old Guard. Classifications like highbrow, middlebrow and lowbrow, and the difference between High Art and Popular Culture dissolve right into the mixed media of the new discotheques. Show biz entrepreneurs snatch lingo and ideas from the academic Mr. McLuhan and avant-garde artists create as happily for the teenage market as do any of the fashion designers. The young people, from early teens to late 20's joyfully embrace what is being sold to them as the dark, faintly sinister glamor of the esoteric. The result is a scene that looks very much like an op art Dante's Inferno, with "switched on" devils in black and white striped vinyl union suits wearily pricking, with TV antenae, a population explosion of gyrating, taunting, giggling girls and boys in peep-hole nude outfits.

And everyone wants to get in on the act—especially those over 30 (they, who have been dubbed as untrustworthy by the Berkeley leftists; they, who have learned from Mr. McLuhan that they are anachronisms out of the mechancial age—the age of getting the message from print instead of TV). Hungrily, jealously these Untrustworthies, these Linear Conceptualizers (they get that way from reading) gaze from the affluent green pastures of their suburbs into this new multi-colored nether world. Changing from their customary business suits and cocktail dresses into inauthentically "kooky" go-to-hell outfits, they arrive in droves at the door of Cheetah, 53rd St. and Broadway, the likeliest landing spot for Mr. and Mrs. Square from Mechanical-age-ville.

Mr. and Mrs. S. keep their cool as they glance at the gentlemen, decked out as hangmen in an absurdist play in black suits and black turtleneck pullovers, who stand around the ticket booth. They know a bouncer when they see one. (Ironically, the gentlemen's main function is to turn away those who can't prove they are 18). But Mr. and Mrs. S. go into a state of culture shock when they spot the sign, "No Liquor Served." They beg for a denial from one of the Absurdist hangmen. No, it's not a put-on. It's a fact—soda pop and hot dogs for the "turned on" generation. This sends many couples straight back to Mechanical-age-ville.

But the hardier souls pass into the fake fur lobby and run into, of all things, a boutique! They peer curiously at the girls and boys (over 18, of course) busily trying on funny vinyl hats and big leather belts and going behind silver curtains hung from silver chains to sample complete outfits, managing to frug buoyantly to the rock'n'roll music as they change clothes, laughing as they exchange shirts, ties, belts, suspenders and even pants with another. Yes, some of them do buy complete new outfits on the spot.

Leaving this curious limbo, Mr. and Mrs. S. move toward the fiery gates themselves and are greeted by head-busting sound, increased in impact by the brightening, dimming, flashing, wavering play of colored lights. The lights are keyed to the sound. Sharp notes get yellow flashes, more subdued tones get violet. On stage, before a huge mirror-like screen reflecting the lights is one of the three long-haired rock combos that alternate during the night (there are *no* silent intervals). The typical rock "singer," writhing in a standard fit, mike in hands, howls. The words are indistinguishable, but out of an evening of listening it is possible for Mr. and Mrs. S. to grasp, gasping, one memorable phrase: "Do it again, Baby!"

On the floor (designed to hold 2,000) the palpitating yellow, orange, red, blue, green and violet lights catch the whiplash of long, free hair, the frenzied angles of elbow and kneecap, the agonized thrust of arms and hands, the uninhibited gyration of rump and belly. The frenzy is considerably increased at the World in Roosevelt, Long Island, at Trips Festival on St. Mark's Pl. in the East Village, and at the Plastic Inevitables by the movies and color slides flashed on all walls, and by a white screen, lit by strobe light reflecting the black shadows of the dancers. The dances, of course, are derivations of Watussi and frug. The latest thing is just "to do whatever you want." Many dancers stand in place, gently shuffling and gyrating while their partners flip off into wild acrobatics. Partners simply dump one another if the spirit moves and take adventurous solos around the dance floor. It is acceptable to get up and dance by oneself. And exhibitionism on scattered dancing platforms is encouraged.

And the clothes! Sock-in-the-eye colors in bold, jagged patterns that run amok when the lights hit them are favorites (they call them psychedelic prints). So are dizzying black and white stripes and polka dots and dazzling gold, silver and mirror-like plastics. The girls wear tight, tight bell-bottom pants, thigh-high skirts, tinsel-threaded white stockings, little girl pumps or short boots, very long or very short hair. They reveal their belly buttons in hip-hugging pants, their entire anatomies in nude-look dresses and random special parts in cut-out dresses. They also like a beruffled, mock-demure little girl look and a dandyish lesbian look.

The boys wear tight, tight pants, loose colorful flowered shirts, open at the throat, flowered ties and many have Beatle haircuts. They, too, like the dandyish lesbian look. Plastics and leathers are worn by both boys and girls. So are funny accessories—caps, flowered or sequined suspenders, huge-buckled belts and far out buttons (Psychedelicize the Suburbs, Anarchists Unite).

The Untrustworthies, the Linear Conceptualizers are quickly exhausted. What is it all about? "It's fun," says a young girl tossing a golden shower of hair from her face and turning her Mona Lisa smile toward the mesmerizing images on the wall. Her escort, wearing a black-and-white polka dot, flowing-sleeved blouse, shrugs—a shrug for the up-tight probing of Untrustworthies.

Rocketed back into our place in the mechanical age,

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we continue to look for cause and effect, to think in the patterns of our time, the patterns Mr. McLuhan tells us were set with the invention of movable type. But what is it like to be of *them*, to have been saturated in electronic media since birth? What do they think, what do they see when they look at all those different images on various walls—a young man in boots doing a whip dance (at the Plastic Inevitables show), details from Bosch paintings (at the World), an apparent badly focused orgy at Trips? They don't seem to be thinking anything in particular. They just dance and seem to love it. We ask more questions.

"You don't watch it. You exist in it," tartly states Gerd Stern, a poet member of USCO (Us Company), a group of artists and film-makers with whom Mr. McLuhan worked at one time, and who created a special show for the World. "It's an environment," patiently explains Jackie Cassen, who created the slide patterns projected at Trips. "It gives people a chance to create part of the environment with their shadows on the screen."

And Jonas Mekas, guru of the Underground movies, says (in the Village Voice), speaking of the Plastic Inevitables: "It is the last stand of the Ego before it either breaks down or goes to the other side." And at Cheetah, Mr. Mekas experiences the feeling "of being OUT . . . in those regions where both the mystic preoccupations and the ego are abandoned, where you disappear and become a zero."

A strange vocabulary and strange speculations about young people having fun on a dance floor. But new words, new speculations are needed. Old words fizzle and die under the barrage—words like, it's all simply show biz, an entertainment fad, puffed up by the fashion industry and further inflated by hungry journalists. Of course. But what makes a fad? Unless what is being sold connects decisively with the inner yearning of the potential buyer, it passes unnoticed. In the market place of the soul nobody gets fooled. We buy what we crave.

But what exactly is being bought and sold on that dance floor? An entrance ticket to the future, to the age that Mr. McLuhan predicts will be an age of tribalism, rather than individualism? Perhaps. Certainly, some loss of personal identity is inevitable under the mammoth bombardment of sensory stimuli. And the break-down of identity, is carried a step further by the wearing of masquerade-like clothing.

How square that sounds! How linear conceptualizing can you get? Let's take notes from direct stimuli. Here, on a dance floor that looks like an orgy in hell and on which the visual and auditory senses are given a violent workout, something is missing. The sense of touch. Nobody is snuggling cheek-to-cheek, pelvis-to-pelvis, thigh-to-thigh as they did in the old days. Only at Cheetah did couples dance in one another's arms as they did back in the mechanical age—and then it was done for a few moments as a kind of joke. Suddenly the musical rhythym changed, a curtain was drawn over the metallic screen and lights played over the curtain in heavy, smoky spirals. The couples came together and danced to "shmaltzy" music briefly, and then flew apart at the parting of the curtain and abrupt change of rhythym and lights. It was a parody of romantic dancing. They were making fun of *us*, Tristan and Isolde, the love myth of *our* world.

So this is what they are up to! They have converted our old mating ground into a playground for some sort mass psychic hokus pokus. Where dancing once socialized sexual contact, gave it a civilized veneer, made it seem easy to use and master, the new dancing masks the absence of physical contact behind aggressively, brutally sexual dance gestures. Where once music, atmosphere and liquor played a part in dissolving barriers, permitting each couple to connect through talk and touch, the new music, the new setting inevitably sets up barriers between couples (they can have neither eyes, nor ears for one another because the audio-visual barrage completely consumes those organs). Where once the background was discreetly designed to shut out the multitude and make each couple an isolated unit, the new background destroys the two-some and makes the individual a fragment of the crowd. Where once clothes reinforced traditional sexual roles—the woman soft and accessible in silks, playing the temptress in perfume and jewelry, the men wearing modern man's battle uniform, the straight-laced business suit—the new clothes are designed to confuse and mask traditional sex roles.

Does it mean they are copping out of meeting and mating—these sexually-knowing young people, these clever little op art monsters spawned by the electronic age? To a certain extent, perhaps—and only for a while. The signs indicate they eventually manage to make it, in their own way. But today sex can't compete with the glamor of technological and psychic experimentation, with the exhilarating experience of being alone in a seething multitude, a unit, like all other units, tuned into a gigantic switchboard.

Electronics have finally shattered the myth of Tristan and Isolde. The new Liebestode is a rock-shriek, with Wagner's music-drama, Total Theater concept translated, ironically, into terms of a Niagara of pulsating strobe lights, films and sound.

Over-30s, trembling under the strobes, see Armageddon. Wrong as usual. The little *fluers du mal* are frugging in nothing more *mal* than the old American pay dirt. They are really engaged in the sensible activity of preparing for their role as consumers in the next technological stage. Their science-fiction homes will have TV screen walls, and dimmers will play complex lighting patterns over the entire scene, while sound will flood from ceiling, floors and walls. No silence, no stillness, no loneliness, no fear for the electronic age family—only a blissful hook-up to all other creatures on the globe and in outer space. One world, endlessly rocking and rolling in the universal electronic cradle.

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KITCHEN DRAMA

THE STAGE

Every writer has his favorite stage-set: some hotel-lobby or colliery or back-room which forms the perfect setting to his act: sometimes, sometimes not, a replica of the place where he saw his first vision.

For Arnold Wesker, this shrine will always be a restaurant-kitchen. Even when, for variety's sake, Wesker writes about something else, it usually manages to sound a lot like a kitchen. His plays have titles like "Roots" and "Chips With Everything"—foodsome, kitcheny titles. He is a master at conveying steamy desperation, the cramp and twitch of work in hot places. The rooms have a way of being a little too warm and crowded in a Wesker play. His characters flare-up and subside like gas jets. The orders come pouring in from the faceless carnivores outside. All the world's a kitchen, where the poor work in squalor and ugliness to feed the faces of the rich.

All of which has given Wesker a powerful if sometimes unwieldy metaphor to work with. Mr. Wesker is of Russian-Hungarian descent, and he was employed for four years in an English restaurant: and to have approached English society from this particular angle is to be privy to a peculiarly gruesome secret. For English restaurants teach the banality of evil as nothing else does, and the drabness of class-warfare. The line "chips with everything" recurs obsessively in Wesker's work: and one imagines that after gazing for four years into a pan of french-fries, the dullness hurt worse than the cruelty. To work in a sweatshop is bad enough: but to work in a sweatshop filling a thousand orders of boiled cod—that is obscene.

Wesker's early play "The Kitchen" is his most frontal assault on this theme: and, as might be anticipated, it profits from being frontal, from not having to transvest the Wesker metaphor. If one of the characters boils over, we understand what has happened. The smell of cabbage has gotten to him. The author does not have to trump up plot devices to explain it. In fact, he does not need to trump up a plot at all for, in this case, the medium is the message, and the kitchen is the plot.

The dramatic action consists entirely in the serving of two meals in a nightmarish English restaurant (the director Jack Gelber has turned it into an American restaurant, but it remains English under the skin). Wesker's attitude to this set-up is, as usual, slightly ambiguous. The kitchen is awful, but the restaurant out front is worse: a cold dark place into which the waitresses plummet, and where the world's competitiveness is thrust upon them. They come back screaming for meat and fish, bringing greed and rapacity with them, turning the chefs into savages, into a scale-model of the people outside.

Yet to be engaged in a common enterprise, even a debased one, is a step toward fraternity: and between meals the kitchen people grope toward the Wesker ideal: "friendship." It is central to Wesker's thesis that the working-class has some memory of purity that is kept in severe check by the demands of middle-class culture; but whereas in "Chips" he sentimentalized this thesis outrageously, here he understates it almost out of existence. One of the chefs asks the others to tell him their dreams; the dreams are of representative banality—sex and money (the kitchen is too close to the restaurant for anything better). But there is a hint of responsiveness, of rigidly limited poetry, in their answers. Humanity burns low in the kitchen: yet things being as they are, it is still the best place to be right now.

By his steadfast underplotting, Wesker manages to avoid a good many mistakes. The diner-exploiters never appear onstage, so that Wesker's class-venom does not betray him into caricature as it did in "Chips." (The owner shows up a couple of times, but Wesker is on his best behavior, and the owner is quite believable.) The absence of a central story saves him from the last-minute melodramatics that also hurt "Chips." The last scene, where one of the chefs runs amuck and the owner wrings his hands and wonders where he has gone wrong, is ever so slightly stagey. But otherwise, Wesker has simply rendered us one hell of a kitchen. If avoidance of pitfalls is your criterion, this could be Wesker's masterpiece: but only a very unambitious writer would be content to stop at this, and Wesker has in fact taken several bigger chances since.

Gelber's direction is a model of something or other. He has choreographed the pig-swill rush-hour with the greatest attention to detail. The chefs are always either over- or under-occupied so that they can strike no rhythm, but are kept in a maximum stage of futile jumpiness.

Mr. Gelber has also defted the accent problem, simply by not bothering about it much. Ostensibly, the waiters are polyglots, whose points of view are reinforced by their accents. But it is hard to find actors who can sustain these imitations for long, and Gelber seems not to have worried his cast about it. They all sound vaguely foreign: Rip Torn is meant to be a German, but he could pass for Welsh or Scandinavian at any given moment. The point is that by not trying self-consciously for authenticity, Gelber has kept the problem from grating.

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Of the actors, Mr. Torn is sprightly and intelligent, and Conrad Bain does his usual solid job. The rest range, as usual, from adequate to forget-it. *(At the 81st Street Theater)*

WILFRID SHEED

LONG NIGHT'S JOURNEY

THE SCREEN

No one would be particularly surprised if that fine and sensitive English novelist Virginia Woolf were turning over in her grave at every mention of the most talked-about movie these days: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" Not because the title takes her name in vain (Mrs. Woolf enjoyed a good joke when she saw one), nor because the picture has some startling concepts about illusion and reality (Mrs. Woolf covered these subjects herself in novels and essays), but because of the foul language and profanity (even in her realistic scenes, Virginia Woolf would never have used expletives like these). Some of the phrases *are* rather shocking as they spurt from enormous mouths in the close-ups on the large screen. Although I too cringed at the profanity, I must admit people talk like this, and the dialogue (in Ernest Lehman's script which omits only a few of the coarser and irreverent expressions from the Edward Albee play) is on the whole brilliant.

Albee's play, a very long one, is divided into three acts, each of which has a name. The first, "Fun and Games," sets the stage at a small New England college and introduces the characters: a bickering, middle-aged couple whose love-hate marriage and frustrations keep them slinging verbal vitriol at each other continuously; and the young couple, newcomers in faculty row who are by no means the sweet things they first seem, and who soon become targets for the barbs of the world-weary older couple. Some of this maneuvering is quite amusing. But by the second act, "Walpurgisnacht," the spite-laden dialogue swings into virulence and so does the action as the older woman seduces the willing younger man. The fun and games are no longer quite so funny as the hard-drinking foursome, now with a snootful, become louder and even more frank, cruel, and revealing. All of which leads to the third act, "The Exorcism," which manages to give some point to the rough games and strong language that went before, and ends at dawn after the older couple bury their biggest illusion, their mythical son, and seem ready to accept reality, mutual understanding, and real love.

Without the act-titles, the movie follows the play rather closely. Producer-scriptwriter Lehman, wisely omitting some of the play's reiterations, cut the running time to 131 minutes and allowed the action to move out of the play's single living-room set. While some audiences familiar with both play and movie may object to this moving around because it cuts down on the claustrophobic effect of being confined with these tortured Laocoons for three hours, those objectors must remember that this is a movie, not a play—and a very good movie thanks to everyone connected with it, especially to Mike Nichols who has done exceedingly well with his first motion picture assignment.

In spite of its talkiness, Nichols makes his film move—not only because it wanders out of the living-room but also because of Nichols' skillful use of camera. Of course Haskell Wexler deserves much credit for his stunning black-and-white photography. The outdoor scenes were shot at Smith College; and I suppose if Smith could stand all this excitement, so could the college in the story —although most neighbors would object to loud-mouthed George and Martha and their stream of obscenities.

It is particularly with the lead roles of George and Martha that director Nichols has been so successful. Richard Burton may not exactly look like the henpecked husband of a shrew who taunts him for being a flop, for still being an associate professor and not coming up to her father's expectations; but Burton is first-rate as George, a tired man in his forties, tired of his wife's spiteful taunts, her regard for her father, the college president, whom she confuses with God, and tired of his wife's nymph-like interest in younger men. Even as he suffers, George strikes back with bitter and better taunts and, biting his own caustic tongue, probably suffers all the more.

As Martha, six years George's senior and he never lets her forget it, Elizabeth Taylor gives the performance of her career—not because she looks right in her make-up as the coarse, blowzy prof's wife with an eye for the boys, but because she follows Nichols' direction so well, hurls her invectives in a new low-pitched voice, does a hilarious take-off on Bette Davis in one scene, and suffers the tortures of the damned when George announces the death of their imaginary son.

But with the young couple, Nichols is less successful. As Nick and Honey, George Segal and Sandy Dennis are rather colorless—considering their own unpleasant story that George digs out of them so effectively and then uses against them so viciously when playing another of his games: Embarrass the Guests. Strangely enough, and different from the play, the movie belongs more to George than to any of the other three characters, and what sympathy we can muster for any of these thoroughly unlikable people goes to George.

No doubt Eugene O'Neill, with his insistence on the need and value of illusion in "The Iceman Cometh," would have hated "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" with its know-thyself plea for confronting reality. Perhaps I liked the movie of "Virginia Woolf" better than the play because it's tighter and got its theme across more effec-

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tively. In any case, it packs a tremendous wallop—one that married folk, edgy about fading romance, shouldn't miss.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THE ENGLISH MADNESS

ETC.

"You are invited"—the formula runs—"to compose a Barrack-Room Ballad as Kipling might have written it from Vietnam." Or "Invent a twelve-word language and give an example of its literature, together with a complete dictionary and notes on grammar." Or "Provide an extract from James Boswell's New York Diary."

All over Britain, but with a preponderance around London and the South of England, Weekend Competitors, each weekend, sit down and try to reply to the invitation. The Weekend Literary Competition, unlike Chess Competitions or crossword puzzles, seems to be a peculiarly British Institution: there is nothing like it in America. Dwight MacDonald noted, and regretted, the fact in his book "Against the American Grain." "They (the English) "love to play intellectual games together; each week the *New Statesman* sets its readers a task and prints the winning entries; these are almost always witty and ingenious; it appears that every Englishman is born with a silver pen in his mouth."

In fact the *New Statesman* Competition is only one of three run by weekly journals. The other two are contained in *Punch* and the *Church Times*. These three weeklies are widely different in outlook, the Weekend Competition being their only link, and even these vary in flavor. The *Church Times* Competition, for instance, favors the kind of entry suitable for their readership, mainly the clergy, and the tenor of the typical entry will be mild, pawky, and eminently clean. It will also be apolitical. The prizes in this particular column are generally the lowest; in an average week half-a-dozen competitors might win a guinea apiece. Money prizes in all three competitions, it will be noted, are always in guineas, never pounds.

Punch features what is called "Toby Competition" and devotes a whole page to it. Once upon a time they used to award original drawings from the magazine, and Toby Jugs; nowadays five guineas is given for the winning entry, and six or seven runners-up are sent one-guinea book tokens. *Punch* seems to like a rightish, bouncy sort of entry; impish maiden ladies and humorous retired colonels figure largely in these columns. The "Toby Competition" is shorter than the others as a rule: a limit of 125 words or a dozen lines of verse is imposed. In the *New Statesman* and the *Church Times* this is nearly doubled, two hundred words or twenty lines of verse being the customary stint. This, of course, gives much greater scope for Weekend Competitors, and thus raises the standard, particularly in the former.

The "Weekend Competition" (it is called that) in the *New Statesman* which attracted Dwight MacDonald's attention is certainly the best-known of them all. There are several reasons for this. Probably the chief one is the chatty and invariably witty post-mortem on the week's entries, quoting losers and winners alike, by the *New Statesman's* literary editor, Karl Miller, who conducts the column anonymously. He usually selects two entries for printing and prizes, though of late it is often three or even four, and distributes between ten and twenty guineas between the winners. His selection is based rigidly on merit; thus a very good "win" might be awarded ten guineas, the one printed below it only four. This policy means that quite often the same names appear among the winners, some with such frequency as to become household.

One of these names is Martin Fagg. He is a schoolmaster from Worcester, and in seven years has won 500 prizes of some sort for Weekend Competitions. Earlier this year Fagg, a 36-year-old bachelor, was interviewed by "Atticus" of the Sunday Times, who dubbed him "King of the Competitions." Six months ago Fagg looked to be in danger of losing this title to a rising star with the fighting name of Tim O'Dowda—who, in the end, turned out to be Fagg himself under an assumed name. He has six aliases, together with six typewriters, six addresses and six types of note-paper. A previous monarch of the Weekend Competition was undoubtedly "Trooper Jones," who reigned supreme and collected many a guinea before he was taken away and made a feature writer on the *New Statesman* itself. He is now their drama critic, and a good one, writing under the name of D.A.N. Jones.

Left-wingers (and the *New Statesman* is notably left-wing) are notoriously tradition-minded and absolute mugs for amateurism of the sort that is cherished in cricket. Thus, there is a kind of "Gentlemen v. Players" ethos about the Weekend Competition when, as sometimes happens, a professional enters the lists; when, for instance, John Arden, the young British playwright, writes Shakespeare's "Queen Victoria" or Robert Gittings, poet and authority on Keats, writes a poem celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the outbreak of World War I. The "merit" ideal is always adhered to; they are given no handicap; and sometimes enter and lose. One competition was concerned with a parody of Graham Greene. Greene entered with a parody of himself (under an alias)—and wasn't mentioned. Sometimes the boot is on the other foot and the amateurs mingle with the professionals. William Cole used poems taken from the Weekend Competition for his "Fireside Book of Humorous Poetry" and now the competitors Allan M. Laing and Stanley Sharpless nestle among Don Marquis, Thomas Hood, Ogden Nash et al.

Yet the hard core of competitors—E. O. Parrott, Rus-

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sell Lucas, etc.—are, seemingly, shunners of publicity. Last year a freelance journalist asked through the Weekend Competition itself for regular competitors to send him details about themselves for an article he had been commissioned to write. He had one reply (it was me). That same week competitors had been asked to define "a typical Weekend Competition entrant." Some people postulated a single omniscient being who wrote the entire feature each week; but Martin Fagg saw him as:

. . . a kind of hebdomadary dilettante . . . a protean and prestidigitous literary minimimic . . .

Certainly he is that. His reading must be catholic enough to embrace, and sometimes even relate, the writings of such writers as Fr. Rolfe, Tom Wolfe, Petronius and Daisy Ashford. His store of knowledge will be vast, ill-ordered, recondite, and his wit will be ready. He has his limitations, too, and they will often consist of a functional laziness that makes any assignment of more than two hundred words seem positively homeric, and a kind of lingering paranoia that makes him suspicious of giving away details about himself, or forming a club or society. Gregariousness is not his weakness.

The numbers of people entering the Competitions varies from week to week, depending on the relative "easiness" of the problem and also the emotional chords it plucks among readers. Class-consciousness being endemic in Britain, a competition asking for infallible signs by which one might distinguish the middle-class person from the working-class drew howls of undemocratic fury, most Un-Statesmanlike, from a mainly professional and often underpaid readership. The working man could be told by his Riviera holiday, they claimed, the professional man by his rags and penury.

Weekend Competitions seem to be here to stay. A few weeks ago the *New Statesman*, modernizing itself, also took the opportunity to drop the crossword puzzle. Not the Weekend Competition, though: that week it was longer than ever. There are even signs that they may be on the increase. Two national papers, the *Guardian* and the *Observer*, ran competitions at Christmas-tide; and over the last two years B. P. & Shell-Mex, in a particularly sensible piece of prestige advertising, have run a series themselves in those journals which already had their own competition as well as others such as the *Spectator*. Before this appeared with its first prize of ten guineas and ten consolation prizes of four guineas, the *New Statesman* prizes had stood at a fairly constant two guineas for years. The week the *New Statesman* fell into line the current competition theme was apt: it was to do with Odysseus.

PETER ROWLETT

BOOKS

The strategies of reason reasoning

Reason's Double Agents

CAROL JOHNSON

U. of North Carolina Press, $4.75

WILLIAM A. MCBRIEN

In commenting on the critical writing of Carol Johnson, an American currently living in Paris whose published poetry includes a recent volume, *Figure for Scamander*, it is perhaps not pointless to emphasize a parallel between it and the work of Gertrude Stein. One first catches the kinship in cadences that come into Miss Johnson's sentences bearing the unmistakable echo of Stein: "seriousness is no substitute for intelligence," is an instance. As it turns out, the echoes emanate from a more root resemblance—the concern both critics share to anatomize reason in the act of literary art and so resolve some of the epistemological enigmas which create such special pressures for people in our century.

It is not, of course, uncommon, today to come upon men searching with an urgency unique in history after the riddle which *mind* and *consciousness* obstinately remain. Psychedelic drugs and computers are two of the techniques which the sciences have enlisted. Language is another, as twentieth-century developments in psychology and philosophy reveal. Lately, too, literary criticism has become more occupied than it ever was with the study of what Miss Johnson terms "reason reasoning." In her opening essay, "Strategies of Reason," Miss Johnson writes that "If our own modes of consciousness remain something of a mystery to us, so much the more mysterious are those of another. Yet literature bears liberal witness to the varieties of consciousness of which the mind is capable, and it is to literature rather than to life that we must look for the most attentive, patient, and sustained projections of those states." Further along she says that "No man's mind is observable except analogously through the actions that it proffers for interpretation. And probably no action to which it applies itself is more highly fashioned than the poem."

Carol Johnson calls this book "my essay on behalf of reason." Reason, though, is here a word considerably wider in conceptual content than the vernacular suggests; it accommodates, for example, imagination and the unconscious. The author asserts that "The prevalence of a false rationalism that fails to take account of the intentional nature of art and thought as well as that irrationalism which falsely opposes reason to life prompts me to this thesis.

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Reason, as I see it, is at the very heart of human existence. Whatever is intelligible, including passion, we encompass through the mediation of the mind." So she insists that "If Blake is a great poet, it is because he understood very well that the composition of poems is not an intransitive exercise."

Donne, Johnson, Pope, Allen Tate, Yvor Winters and John Berryman are the poets whose works Miss Johnson examines: three of them contemporaries whose poems, rich in reason, reestablish in our days the modalities of their great predecessors. Miss Johnson tells us that she selected poets "who cultivate consciousness rather than those who solicit inspiration. . . . those who bring to bear in their respective modes the least diffuse and the most attentive consciousness." Romanticism is for Miss Johnson a flawed tradition precisely because of the "passive aspect of poetic procedure. . . . One does not reproach the romantics for knowing too little, but one cannot help seeing that their successes were partial and wishing that, instead of trying to write 'better than they knew,' they had tried harder to understand how they knew. For an incomplete understanding of their own resources, the exaltation of amateurism (with its antipathies toward theory) and a failed epistemology are what these poets have passed on by way of legacy to those who perpetuate the deeply romantic bias in England."

Although the essays on the works of specific poets do consider "reasons reasoned" in ways that often make available new aspects of themes to the reader, they are remarkable more for the revelation of "reason reasoning"—the act of the poem realizing itself. Miss Johnson's *double agents* theory seems to me a valuably ambiguous one which not only deepens one's appreciation for the dynamism of particular poems but illustrates as well the many ways in which reason is operative in poetry: doubt as an "adjunct of reason" in Donne's poems, for example.

Almost never does one have the feeling that she forces poems to fit her theory, only from time to time does one regret that austere adherence to her argument deprives us of the reactions of a reader so responsive and so astonishingly wide-ranging in her citations of philosophers and artists. Because she finds that meter "in some fashion gives the conscious mind access to the unconscious," in her essay on Berryman's *Mistress Bradstreet* and in a concluding essay on "Reason and Meter," Miss Johnson feels a warranty for keeping more to the physics of the poem, and evidences in another way how poised and competent a critic she is.

Early in her book, the author says that "This essay is not a defence of one kind of poetry against another; it is a personal report." No less true of Miss Johnson is her observation of the poet that his "way of seeing becomes his way of saying." All of her value to us ultimately is in the originality of her "way of seeing." In her remarks about Mannerism she gives evidence of realizing that, quite like Hopkins' verse, her prose "may err on the side of oddness." Book buyers who value size in their purchases can be assured that her prose, which the publisher's blurb calls "gnomic," is of a density and concentration that would reach to many hundreds of pages in a less controlled writer.

In several ways can the plainness that she praises in the poetry of Ben Jonson be predicated of her prose, for hers is certainly "a sophisticated mind in which consciousness is not yet divided from craft." Again, like Jonson, she "all but excludes the connotative in (her) resolute precising of the literal." One takes tremendous pleasure in language that is so carefully wrought and realizes that the clarification of interior experience and the resultant revitalization of language that comparable care might bring about may be one of the motives for reinvoking reason in our lives and arts. There are, of course, failures: passages of prose where concepts seem to me truncated by a tense refusal to yield the yardage that thought requires for viability. And the choice of words like *sthenic* and *transumptively* seems unavailing. But then there is the felicity of meter having a "subjacent presence in poetry." (Only once does it seem to me that language altogether eludes the author and that, in a sentence Miss Johnson particularly may enjoy, is when she writes of *To His Coy Mistress* as "propositional in structure.")

One should, too, cite a few of the arrestingly beautiful sentences which appear in Miss Johnson's pages: "form is as intimately the interpreter of experience as sorrow is the completion of knowledge"; "Prose delivers us at a destination—and disappears; poetry *is* a destination"; "a certain moral vitality comes from knowing what things are worth the expenditure of emotion." There seems, too, something of an anagogic meaning to Miss Johnson's thesis, but the anagogic is, as Dante said, inexplicable. I find a hint of it in her final sentence, when, speaking about the priority of meter or words in poetry she says, "When we have got the poems, it is unnecessary to speculate about which came first, the meter or the words, yet their inescapable intimacy provides the rational imagination with something very like a key to the very sources of creative originality."

Authority in the Church

JOHN L. MCKENZIE, S.J.

Sheed and Ward, $3.95

GARRY WILLS

The book is in three parts—short introduction, 65 pages on "The Texts of the New Testament," and 95 pages of "Reflections." I mean to take the three in reverse order, the order of their importance.

The "Reflections" are a series of thoughtful criticisms of the way authority in the Church is presently conceived and exercised. They advance a set of spiritual ideals (rather than a program) —the ideal of authority as service within the Church, not power over it; of the magisterium as a service to knowledge, not its enemy; of authority as a correlate to the Spirit's other activities, not as aperture for all his incursions into history. These are profound ideals, worth iteration and calling for action—and presently being iterated (if not, yet, acted on) in many places (though it must be remembered that Father Mc-

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Kenzie was saying much of this in print long before others took up the chorus). The thing that Father McKenzie is uniquely equipped to supply is not the "new view" of authority, but scriptural proof that this is a very "old view" as well.

There is, then, a preliminary puzzle in the shape of his book—the shorter part devoted to the author's specialty (and our need). Puzzlement becomes disappointment when we find that his brief treatment is merely a slight expansion of the relevant chapters (9-12) in his introduction to the New Testament, especially of chapter 9 "The Church." Whole paragraphs, whole pages, are cannibalized from the recent book; little is added, and the discussion suffers by being detached from the texture of Fr. McKenzie's total argument in *The Power and the Wisdom*.

Furthermore, subjects which did not seem skimped in the summary of New Testament though—*diakonia*, *exousia*, *dynamis*—are not given the balanced treatment one expects in an entire book on the subject of authority. For instance: Father McKenzie weaves a great deal of his argument on the distinctive nature of Church authority (as opposed to secular authority) around the word *diakonia*. Yet secular authority is also called a *diakonia* (Rom. 13.4)—and hardly in the sense the passage is given in Fr. McKenzie's New Testament book (the "ministry" of Assyria and Babylon, as scourges of the community): St. Paul emphasizes, with four uses of the same root in two verses, that one should give active cooperation to secular authority (*hypotassesthai*, cf. Pauline uses like 1 Cor. 16.16, 2 Cor. 9.13, perhaps Eph. 5.21) precisely insofar as one is not subject to sin's scourge (vv. 3-5). This is the kind of service Paul refuses even to Church authority when it is unreasonable (Gal. 2.5—the presumption of Rom. 13.3-5 is that the authority *is* reasonable, not a "scourge" like an earthquake).

Fr. McKenzie repeatedly emphasizes that "*Diakonos* means a lackey, a menial . . . entirely at the disposal of others." But the point of *diakonia* is not so much subjection to a higher master (as *doulos*) but the reception from that master of authority (the *exousia* of Mk 13.34) over subordinate affairs. The diakonos is the man at another's disposal *under whose disposal some things are placed*—e.g., an *oikonomos*. To grant this does not in any way endanger the ideals Fr. McKenzie brings before us; but to neglect the distinction leads to several basic misconceptions, and keeps the discussion on a superficial level, looking less to penetration of the New Testament meaning than to quick reach for a footnote in the argument of the book's second part. The space devoted to the parts is, unfortunately, a gauge of their true relation.

I said that the most important part of the book is the introduction. It is important because it shapes what follows; determines its context; and, so far from lending depth to the ideals toward which the author argues, moves them onto a crumbling substructure. Fr. McKenzie rightly contends, in *The Power and the Wisdom*, that we should not make the New Testament the prisoner of any single philosophical system. But his own discussion of authority is sealed in the confines of philosophical and logical errors contained in his introduction. He argues that it is false "to consider authority in the Church as a species of authority in general" (then why call it authority at all?). He points out that it is not the same thing as parental, political or contractual authority, and therefore cannot be subsumed under a common title with them (yet those three share a common title, in his view, though not one of them is identical with another).

This is not a mere terminological lapse on his part. It reflects the deep (I think extreme) thrust of all Fr. McKenzie's thought against secularism—against a natural ethics, against the demonic state, against any comparison of the Church's social structure with that of other societies, against what he has called the misleading idea that grace builds on nature. Fr. McKenzie would not agree with those who (rightly, I believe) desire the Church to learn from democratic institutions as she learned from monarchic ones. For him, both borrowings are an equal betrayal of the Church's unique kind of life and love. This puts him at deep theological odds with most reformers of authority in the Church today, and forces him into a semi-docetist view of the Church, which is not fully a human society, as Christ was fully man.

On balance, then, a surprising disappointment, revealing the weakest aspect of Fr. McKenzie's thought and few of his many virtues. There is still more to be learned from the relevant chapters of his New Testament book—especially from the one called "Crisis in the Church."

Time to Murder and Create

JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

David McKay, $5.50

DON CRINKLAW

The subtitle of Mr. Aldridge's book —"The Contemporary Novel in Crisis" —is an unfortunate one, for it produces instant recoil in anyone aware of just how much paper acreage has been expended upon *that* subject. Too much, too much, and the reader can be forgiven if he declines the invitation to observe one more fever chart or autopsy. He would rather read novels. But, happily, the author's comments on the viability of the novel take up less than one-fourth of this variously appointed book.

Mr. Aldridge's views on the subject are neither particularly original or pessimistic. Though the novel is certainly looking a bit grey it is, he assures us, not yet dead or even dying—it is simply suffering from a failure to keep up. If most modern novels give the impression of being rather beside the point, it is perhaps because, he says, life itself has become, in a way, beside the point too. Modern man exists as mass man, "with very little sense of a distinctive experience or distinctive past," and is unable, apparently, to experience in his own life anything as compelling as the sensations prepared for him by movies and television.

Thus, Aldridge suggests, the novel has

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had to give up its older function—explaining and generalizing upon common experience—and has found itself taking a number of dubious courses. It has either become the vehicle of expression for ethnic, urban and even sexual minorities whose experiences are hopelessly beyond normal reader identification, or it has, rather pathetically, attempted to outdo the entertainment media in delivering increasingly massive doses of the colossal. Or—in Aldridge's view worst of all—the novel has fallen back upon themes and devices that worked during the "modern classic" period of the twenties but are no longer effective because they are not developed out of the writers' ability to "engage life imaginatively" but are simply . . . borrowed. Aldridge writes: "As a result, one of our most characteristic present responses to the novel is a feeling of boredom and *déjà vu*, a tired realization that we have been here before and have seen it all happen again and again and again."

Clearly something must be done, and one hopes that Mr. Aldridge's skill in diagnosis—revealed in an essay demonstrating how William Styron has managed to make a good living re-arranging novelistic furniture designed by the likes of Faulkner and Fitzgerald—will be matched by a corresponding skill in prescription. He does his best. The salvation of the novel, he says, depends upon the only group equipped with the intelligence, sophistication and level of consciousness necessary to comprehend our bewildering times: the intellectuals. It is a novel of ideas Aldridge is calling for, created by "a group of writers with minds powerful enough to recognize the stereotypes for what they are but able to function originally in spite of them," and capable of discovering "consciousness as a form of emotional vitality, as the very mode of passionate and original vision."

In a later essay on Norman Mailer, Aldridge seems to find an example of what he seeks in Mailer's *An American Dream*, of which he writes: "Mailer brought to full development a prose idiom of higher sensitivity to the exact condition of contemporary consciousness than we have had since the best work of Faulkner, and . . . managed through that idiom to create an image of our time that will be recognized as authoritative for this generation."

If Aldridge had applied his analytical talents to this remarkable work, instead of just writing jacket-copy for it, he might have managed to dispel the air of vagueness that hangs over his final arguments; as it is, one is left with the feeling that, for all of Aldridge's concern, he has produced just another sad commentary on the sad state of the novel.

One is left also with the feeling that the wisest and kindest thing the critics can do now for the novel, whether they foresee doom or salvation, is to stop picking on it. Granted, most novels today are not very good; but then, most novels never were, for the untalented are always with us. What we seem to be witnessing is not the death of the novel, but its metamorphosis (in the hands of such as Mailer and Salinger) into a form that can engage—and, it is to be hoped, contain—an awareness of our psychoanalyzed, self-conscious, superscientific time.

The rest of the book is given over to a collection of essays and book reviews, written in a subtle, careful, flexible style that can accommodate the author's shifts from thoughtful explication to invective to occasional wit; but each of them has a way of ending— or simply running down—just when they seem on the verge of becoming genuinely impressive.

Most of the writers examined are found guilty of peddling, in one way or another, the Same Old Stuff, either cynically (O'Hara, Mary McCarthy, Updike) or with all apparent innocence (Styron, Cheever).

There is little to quarrel with in any of his opinions, but one is struck by this comment on O'Hara: "(His) treatment of sex . . . is unreal first because it is cold-bloodedly enacted without love or passion by people who seem just as wooden and lifeless as the characters in pure pornography, and the second because it is literary sex, book sex, having virtually nothing to do with and therefore casting no revelatory light upon the actual practice of sex in the living society about which O'Hara is ostensibly writing." But it has always seemed to me that, whatever one's opinions of O'Hara as an artist of the imagination, his credentials as a sociologist are limited but unfortunately valid. For evidently sex itself is today become "book sex"—arid and mechanical—and it is not art that life is imitating but advertising and the happiness manuals, and to take O'Hara to task for recording the unhappy fact is as pointless as blaming an historian for World War I.

The Old Man at the Railroad Crossing

WILLIAM MAXWELL

Knopf, $3.95

PETER STEINFELS

One does not always encounter authors for "good" reasons. I made acquaintance with William Maxwell's writings because he had attended the same Chicago high school as my father. In some complicated way, this led to my owning *The Heavenly Tenants*, a children's book Maxwell had written about a family whose farm is briefly visited by the characters of the Zodiac. It was a mysterious story, which, like certain fairy tales, simultaneously pleased and frightened me, so that, having picked the book off the shelf, I often put it aside for another day when I would feel more fit to deal with the unknown. Some years later, when my contemporaries were swooning—I think that is the accurate word—over *The Catcher in the Rye*, I was given a copy of Maxwell's "adolescent novel," *The Folded Leaf*, and found it far superior to Salinger. Since then I have followed Mr. Maxwell on my own.

Now he has published a book of fables and therefore stands in danger of having his always delicate craftsmanship labelled "charming." The word would be appropriate only if it were reinvested with some of its basic meaning, having to do with magical incantations for casting spells, warding off evils or

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conquering death.

But our belief in magic is somewhat dulled, and we would like to know just how Mr. Maxwell does it. There are mechanical clues, of course, what one might term the liturgy of the fable: the "once upon a time"; the parallel structure and repeated "and" of a child's narrative; the exotic references, to princesses, castles and nightingales.

"Once upon a time there was an old woodcutter . . . the woodcutter and his wife lived well enough until, on the doorstep of their old age, a young King, hunting in the forest, became separated from his court and rode up to the hut and saw the pond and the circle of tall pine trees around the clearing and said to himself, 'Here if anywhere I shall find the meaning of life.' "

Yet this sort of thing can lead to the maudlin as well as the magical—it never does in these fables. Like the best children's tales, they display a surprising, almost a shocking, toughness. The young King finds something of the meaning of life—after thoughtlessly causing two deaths. Furthermore, for every "once upon a time" there is a fable which omits that ritual summons. For every King there is a contemporary Manhattanite. For every castle there is a seaside summer cottage or a bar on Second Avenue. Mr. Maxwell's art eludes us still.

One falls back on the words of an ancient storyteller in a tale by Isak Dinesen. "Where the storyteller is loyal," the hag explains, "eternally and unswervingly loyal to the story, there, in the end, silence will speak."

At the core of each of these fables, there is a moment of silence, of pause before mystery. The first moment after death. The sudden summing up of a lifetime's meaning. The coming of resignation. Again and again, the realization that life and death are a continuity and an intertwining, the one dwelling in the other as the dry, red leaf and the black earth are present in the new bud. The rest—the princesses, castles, nightingales, old men, and "once upon a time"—is a frame, molded and gilded, allowing us to locate that instant when silence speaks.

An Autobiographical Novel

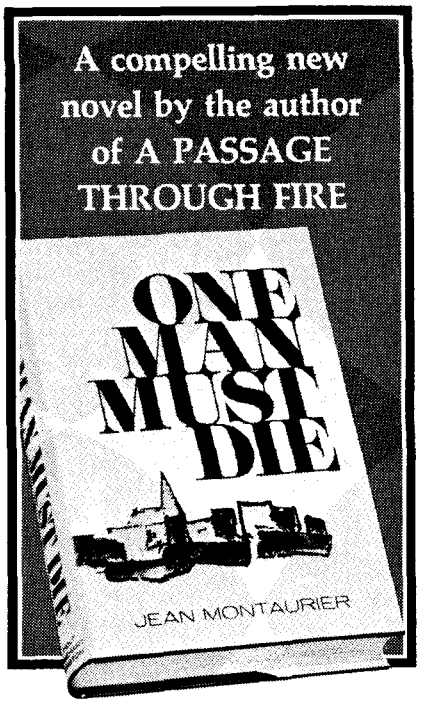
KENNETH REXROTH

Doubleday, $5.95

GEORGE WOODCOCK

"We look before and after . . ." said that romantic friend of the radicals of his time, John Keats, and the nostalgia for a past that can never be recovered has remained almost as strong an impulse in the romantic radical mind at its best as the longing for a future that is not likely to be attained. Anarchists like Peter Kropotkin and aestheticist socialists like William Morris projected their minds back to the middle ages; George Orwell, sniffing the smell of "Poor John" from afar, decided to eschew the Plantagenet gloom, and declared that the best time of all was that which came to an end in his childhood, the age which ran backwards from 1914 to the youth of Dickens. And Kenneth Rexroth, a quintessential anarchist (with all the true anarchist's innate conservatisms) and still, in all the perturbations of schools and movements, the most important literary figure (and perhaps the finest poet) in San Francisco, discovers his best time a decade later, between 1910 and the early Twenties.

Doubtless it is critically reprehensible to introduce one writer by comparison with another, but, having known both



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REVIEWERS

WILLIAM A. MC BRIEN teaches in the English Department at City College. He has contributed to *The Critic* and *The Catholic World*.

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PETER STEINFELS is an assistant editor at COMMONWEAL.

GEORGE WOODCOCK is the author of several books, most recently, *Asia, Gods and Cities* and a book on George Orwell, *The Crystal Spirit* (Little, Brown).

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Orwell and Rexroth, I find myself thinking of them together and comparing their autobiographical writings. Perhaps this is because, when I read them, I still seem to hear the ghostly sound of their voices, Orwell's rather tired Etonian monotone and Rexroth's gravelly drawl. Both write of what they talk about, but while Orwell honed down what he had spoken into the most controlled prose of his day, Rexroth—and he takes some pride in it—writes as he speaks, and actually uses a technique of dictation quite deliberately to insure this result. Some of the tales he tells in *An Autobiographical Novel* I first heard a decade or more ago, sitting in his old San Francisco house while he cooked one of his inimitable meals or smoked his hubble-bubble, and I have not heard them since. But if the words have changed a little, the impression has not; *An Autobiographical Novel* is Rexroth as he looks and talks, the essence of his talent as a raconteur and the total image he presents to others.

An Autobiographical Novel—it is the first of several promised volumes—spans the two decades from Rexroth's mid-western childhood in the first decade of the century, to his arrival in San Francisco, not knowing that it would be his permanent home, at the tragic time when Sacco and Vanzetti were executed and, to quote his words, "a great cleaver cut through all the intellectual life in America." He has chosen his title well, for, a careful and understanding reader of Proust, he knows that we never remember the past exactly as it happened. The memory is in its own way an artist, giving the past a pattern it may never have had, enhancing its colors for some, and deepening its shadows for others, according to their temperaments. Rexroth, who thinks of himself as a painter perhaps even more than as a poet, remembers in colors, and the scenes and incidents he narrates take form in one's mind with an extraordinary visual clarity.

But it is not all surface and color. Rexroth's memories are full of content, and they have been played over by a mind that has probed into a multitude of the ideas which world literature and the thought of the past have made available to twentieth-century man. Rexroth is an autodidact, member of a dying kind, and, like many men who have avoided an excess of formal education, he is able to make his own original and often brilliant syntheses of happenings, impressions and theories.

From an observant and eventful childhood, Rexroth creates first an appealing picture of life in mid-Western towns in the dawn of the automobile age. One may wonder if it could really have been so full and fascinating, and if some of the shadows have not been submerged in recollection and some of the joys highlighted, but the picture as presented has all the engaging sparkle of an impressionist garden-scape. It is followed by a representation, with more chiaroscuro in the treatment, of Chicago in its great bohemian days during and immediately after the First World War, when it was not only the city of innumerable speakeasies, but also one of the germinal centers of modern American writing and painting. This section is crammed with lively and memorable miniatures of artists, burlesque queens, petty gangsters and tragic derelicts.

But one narrows the picture unjustly by treating *An Autobiographical Novel* as mere social history, however good it may be. It is, as its title insists, a piece of a life, and some of the best passages are those which show the writer apart, on those lonely wanderings over the prairies and mountains of America, which have provided so much of the inspiration for his best poems, and also in his inner mind, weighing the theories that turned him into an American radical and meditating on the visionary gift and the contemplative inclinations that have drawn him nearer to Catholicism—in its Anglican variety—than to any other religious viewpoint.

I look forward to whatever volumes may follow, with the fair certainty that, when all Kenneth Rexroth's memoirs of his life and time are brought together, they will present not only the remarkable self-portrait of one of the best mid-century American writers, but also an invaluable document on the temperament of our century.

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 453*)

one thing the relative freedom of the press and our other institutions including the Church has to be taken into account.

What is perplexing is not so much the fact that Cardinal Spellman reportedly makes chauvinistic statements and Dr. William V. O'Brien wants to foist rechauffé Suarezian doctrine on the Catholic community in the name of fresh thinking. What is perplexing is that apparently very few capable Catholic thinkers in this country have the energy or the imagination to relate our nuclear capacity to our collective will for peace in any coherent or honest fashion. What is perplexing is the apparent lack of will for nurturing moral relevance in the Christian community, a lack which came to light in the deservedly publicized reticence of our bishops.

I can understand the bishops shunning unwanted publicity. And I could understand a less articulate group of bishops keeping silence. But in an age of growing ecumenicism how is it that they were so tongue-tied when it came time to make some significant comment on the National Council of Churches' proposals for working for peace in Vietnam?

ROLAND D. LAIRD

Celibacy

Dayton, Ohio

To the Editors: Leslie Dewart's article, "The Celibacy Problem," in the April 22 issue presents some excellent insights into the need of stressing the secularity of the secular priesthood. . . . The difficulties I find in Mr. Dewart's article stem . . . from his treatment of the religious life. For Mr. Dewart finds his justification of the religious life in a conception of it as a sign of Christian hope in the Kingdom which is to come —in the Christ of the parousia. The religious is to witness to the transitoriness of this life by separating himself from the world, a separation which Mr. Dewart describes as "a separation from the *center* of Christian life. Indeed, in

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a sense . . . a separation from the Church itself." In his efforts to demonstrate that the religious life is not intended for the majority of Christians, he finds that its real benefit lies in its condition as "a relatively private affair within the Church" as distinguished from the public and necessary character of the priesthood, which Mr. Dewart conceives could be extended to the majority, even to the totality of Christians.

We are here confronted by the difficult question of the meaning of that "separation from the world" which is implied in the profession of religious vows. Perhaps we shall arrive at a clearer understanding of it if we think of the Christ of the parousia as being already in some sense with us—the Kingdom which is to come is not, in essence, different from the Kingdom which is already here. That Kingdom, as Christ never tired of repeating, is "not of this world."

Thus, the action of the Church, in every age of her pilgrimage, must always be truly secular—thoroughly involved in the real needs of man—but never *merely* secular—it must always surpass at every turn what the world expects of it. Under this conception, the religious profession becomes a goad to the Church to present to the astonished world a Christ Whose demands surpass anything the world could conceive. Thus, far from being "a separation" from the center of the Christian life, it constitutes the greatest affirmation of that center.

Of course, it is impossible, under this conception, to view the religious life "as a relatively private affair." On the contrary, it is its public character which constitutes its true value to the Church and which distinguishes it from other forms of life which also profess the evangelical counsels (e.g., secular institutes). . . .

Perhaps what Mr. Dewart's article demonstrates most of all is that we have a great deal to learn about the tremendous diversity of vocation in the Church. For if the secular priesthood has made the mistake of viewing itself too much in the light of religious life, the latter has sometimes shown itself too much driven to secularity. In fact, it could at least be argued that the principal reason why the lay apostolate has been so long in coming and why it still has such a long way to go has been the great willingness of religious to assume a stance toward the world that is too secular and so to usurp some of those tasks which belong much more rightly to the laity.

BROTHER HUGH BIHL, S.M.

Freud

Providence, R. I.

To the Editors: A footnote to Messieurs Callahan and Novak's collision on Freud [Letters, July 1]: It is a satisfaction to find that one of the most maligned men of science of our time has begun to receive (outside the works of the professionals) the benefit of open and fair discussion in our Catholic journals of opinion. But how depressing that forty years have passed since Freud published his powerful critique on religion before he gained this hearing!

And how interesting to find Messieurs Callahan and Novak so far apart. Do we not witness here a born Aristotelian (Callahan) at grips with a born Platonist (Novak), neither of whom can see the other but begging the question? Mr. Novak marvels that the unbelieving Freud "has committed himself to faith in the intelligibility of the world, and that he values creativity more than destruction, friend-

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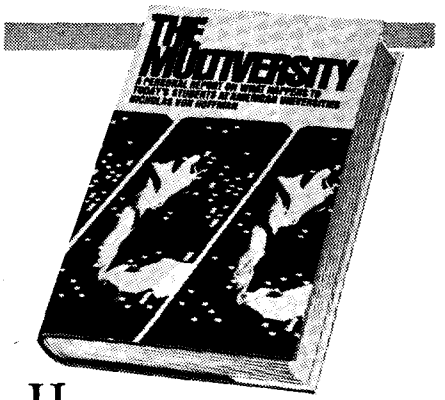

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by NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

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ship more than hatred, concern for those who suffer over unconcern."

Mr. Callahan, rightly I think, refuses to marvel, or to admit a *necessary* tie between moral sensitivity and theism. Perhaps the best proof he has is Freud himself whose saintly sort of life had no theistic roots. To say, as Mr. Novak seems to, that Freud was unconsciously borrowing from Christian capital is hazardous, to say the least, when dealing with the profoundest penetrator of the unconscious that has yet appeared.

The same may be said of Mr. Novak's dismissal of Freud's argument as "gross" that the function of religion is to bring "consolation," without which religion would lose its "human interest." It is no use for him to point to those whose "fundamental consolation is to face the truth," for this is to rob Freud of his subject. In his *Civilization and Its Discontent*, Freud made clear what he was talking about:

"In my *Future of an Illusion* I was concerned much less with the deepest sources of religious feeling than with what the ordinary man understands by his religion, that system of doctrines and pledges that on the one hand explains the riddle of this world to him with an enviable completeness, and on the other assures him that a solicitous Providence is watching over him and will make up to him in a future existence for any shortcomings in this life. The ordinary man cannot imagine this Providence in any other form but that of a greatly exalted Father, for only such a one would understand the needs of the sons of men, or be softened by their prayers and placated by the signs of their remorse. The whole thing is so patently infantile . . . (It is) the only religion that ought to bear the name."

If Freud's definition of religion is too narrow, this does not necessarily invalidate his critique of religion. The proportion of religionists who seek their chief religious consolation by facing the truth is, regrettably, not a large one. Mr. Novak's opinion that "the basic interest of some people in religion—the middle-aged ladies who Freud treated in Vienna—might well be escape or security. For other people, the basic human interest is truth . . ." is not only ultra-Platonic but patently false. Freud was an astute student of all humanity or he was nothing.

The late Gregory Zilboorg, convert to the Church and leader of the "Back to Freud" movement in psychoanalysis, once stated that Freud probably never met a liberal Catholic scholar, and wondered if his view of the Church would not have been different if he had. To think that he would have changed his views is, of course, to concede a point to Mr. Novak, and it is an interesting speculation. The probability is that Freud would not have radically revised his conclusions, but it is permitted to surmise that he might at least have regarded religion as a more estimable competitor for human commitment than he did; but here again we join Mr. Callahan.

It is not for the Christian to accept *in toto* Freud's critique of religion, but it would be foolhardy for him to reject it *in toto*. To face the Dorian Gray of Christianity that Freud has limned could serve us well in our ever-needed purification and regeneration.

(REV.) EDWARD H. FLANNERY

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"Art-less Catholics"

Houston, Texas

To the Editors: I have also "suffered" some 15 years through sermons in these United States ". . . that are an affront to the taste as well as the intelligence of laymen" ("Art-Less Catholics," July 1), and I was more then once tempted to protest with a walk-out. . . .

But whenever this urge comes over me I hear my father whisper to me when I was a youngster in Germany "make an offering of all your pain through a dull sermon for your sins, say a prayer for the poor priest—and your time in purgatory will be shortened. . . ."—and I remained glued to my pew against my own better judgment!

Well, I wonder if we haven't accumulated more credit in purgatory then we really need—and I am happy and willing to lead all my fellow Sunday sufferers to all the protests Daniel P. Moynihan suggests. . . .

MARGARET K. GOIAKOFF

"Substitute for Reporting"

Cleveland, Ohio

To the Editors: I admire Gordon Zahn, both as a writer and reporter. *In Solitary Witness*, I believe, is excellent in both respects. "The Crime of Silence," however (June 17), impresses me as being a bad article and exemplifying a comment made on the Catholic press in "News and Views" of the same date: "The essay is still the curse of Catholic journalism. Again and again it is used as a substitute for reporting."

First with regard to writing: the article contains farfetched comparisons between the U. S. in Vietnam and Italy and Germany during World War II. It has too many parentheses, italicized words and exclamation points, all of which indicate that the author must depend on emotion rather than facts to convey his message. Phraseology such as "the sickening syrup of pietistic self-righteousness" is itself sickening. The article is sub-titled "Are we accomplices in mass-murder in Vietnam?" and that, certainly, is an important question. Mr. Zahn does not accuse the U. S. of "mass-murder" exactly, but "murder" nevertheless. Does he prove it? He bases his case on two accusations which are surrounded by much preaching. His statement that we bomb entire villages because there *may* be Viet Cong present is a serious point and important enough to require documentation or proof. None is furnished. Certainly if no effort is made to protect the innocent from such attacks, they would be seriously wrong. This is one matter about which I would like more information.

The only other evidence he offers of murder is the torture practiced by the South Vietnamese and by some Americans. How widespread this is I do not know, nor am I certain how often it leads to death or mutilation, or how many Americans are directly involved. Zahn claims this is done more by the South Vietnamese, but that these are matters for which "we must take full responsibility, since it is our support and encouragement that makes those actions possible." I cannot see how the U. S. can be held responsible for every immoral action practiced by the South Vietnamese Army simply because we are trying to help that country defend itself. I do believe that the U. S. should try to prevent as much of that sort of thing as it can, and that that is the extent of our responsibility. It is still true, as it has always been, that even a "just war" spawns much immorality. As Kant remarked, "War produces more bad men than it eliminates." I cannot see how one can argue from that fact alone to whether or not a particular war is just.

Another example of Zahn's emotionalism is his conclusion from the fact that 60 percent of American Catholics favor the use of "whatever added force is necessary to win." He believes these people would favor nuclear bombing or the extermination of all suspected Viet Cong sympathizers. Some would, no doubt, but many probably did not have such things in mind when they responded to the poll. Most would probably reject Zahn's interpretation. He accuses American bishops of "the crime of silence" without offering much evidence of the murder of which he speaks. This approaches slander.

Goodness knows many Americans (including bishops) are troubled by this cruel war. Many of us, I think, would welcome good reasons for getting out. But emotional rantings are not reasons, and with this article Mr. Zahn has done nothing for the sake of the argument.

GERALD C. HAY, JR.

"Truthful and Necessary"

Minneapolis, Minn.

To the Editors: I am impressed that Gordon C. Zahn had the will and energy to write that truthful and necessary article, "The Crime of Silence" (June 17).

We have gone so far into that S.E. Asian underbelly that there is little chance of turning back. Any efforts of Zahn or of the thousands of professors who signed the ad in the New York *Times* (Sunday, June 5) are useless, except as attempts to keep one's mind sharp, one's conscience alive, or one's badgering instincts muscular. To me, reading Zahn and writing such a letter as this is a kind of morbid entertainment; like sex, it is the only game that is not called on account of darkness. In fact, now that the war is dark and bloody and hot, the greater pleasure to play at opposing or humanizing it.

There is another side of the Vietnam mass-murder of civilians and torture of prisoners that COMMONWEAL and other excellent publications should develop. I think that our delusions and hatreds of Asiatics and Communism are a new *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. This new "Protocol," amazingly enough, is the product of all those excellent analysts of Hitlerism and Stalinism in *Commentary*, *The New Leader*, *Encounter*, and *Partisan Review*, a significant number of whom are ex-socialists and ex-Marxists from Germany, Poland, and Russia, whose legitimate hatred of Stalinism has turned into a disease, or at least into a blueprint to be blindly applied in Vietnam or any other place where they think we are killing Stalinists. To the extent that I am right, this indicates:

1.) We learn nothing from history. 2.) In attempting to learn from history, we apply the lessons badly or stupidly. 3.) When nations hate each other, the first thing they do is exchange vices. (How odd if this imperial and racist fight we are carrying on in Asia is motivated by our hatred of racism and tyranny!)

JAMES C. WHITE

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